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Established June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-fifth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany, and valuable farmers and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters

TRIED TO BREAK JAIL

Late last week, St. Clair Newman, who was confined at the Newport County Jail, awaiting a favorable time to convey him to the State Prison at Cranston, was caught in an attempt to cut the bars of the jail windows. Although not caught red-handed, the evidence against him was so strong as to leave little doubt of his guilt. One bar on the window of the outer shell of the building facing on Marlborough street, was found partially sawed. Newman was suspected, and later, hacksaws were found concealed behind a radiator. It was at once decided to take no more chances with him, and he was immediately taken to Cranston and turned over to the custody of the warden there.

Deputy Sheriff Frank P. King, who is also the keeper of the Newport County Jail, immediately began an investigation as to where he obtained the saws. He located a person who had sold cakes to Newman's wife, and also a person who had sold her saws. He then went to her home and taxed her with being accessory to the attempt. She at first denied it, but when confronted with the evidence, she is said by Sheriff King to have admitted it. She is in very poor health, and will probably for that reason escape prosecution.

MRS. R. HAMMETT SEABURY

Mrs. B. Hammett Seabury, who died in Springfield, Mass., on Monday, was a Newporter by birth, being a daughter of the late Captain George H. Kelley. She had made her home in Springfield for many years, her husband being a leading architect of that city, and the designer of the new Rogers High School, Newport. Mrs. Seabury had many friends in Newport, with whom she had kept up her acquaintance, renewed by frequent visits to this city. She had been ill for about a year.

Mrs. Seabury is survived by her husband, two sons, Messrs. Harry M. and Raymond Seabury, and two brothers, Messrs. George H. Kelley of this city, and Mr. John L. Kelley of Springfield. Funeral services were held in Springfield on Thursday and were attended by a number of relatives and friends from Newport.

FOR MEMORIAL DAY

The first steps in preparation for the usual observance of Memorial Day on Wednesday, May 30th, were taken at a meeting of the general committee on Thursday evening. This committee is made up of representatives from all the veteran organizations, with Commander William S. Bailey of Lawton-Warren Post as chairman. Various sub-committees were appointed and a motion was passed requesting that the day be not desecrated by sports and commercialism.

Jere I. Greene was again chosen Marshal for the parade, Chaplain Myron D. Merchant orator of the day, and Rev. Wilbur Nelson chaplain of the day. The various organizations will attend a special service at the First Baptist Church on Memorial Sunday.

Mrs. Robert G. Biesel is at the Brooks Hospital in Brookline, Mass., where she submitted to an operation.

Colonel Dalton E. Young has returned from Florida, where he spent the winter.

REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

A special meeting of the representative council was held on Tuesday evening to consider a number of matters. The resignation of Mayor Mortimer A. Sullivan as judge of probate was presented and accepted, and an argument immediately started as to who had the right to elect a successor. City Solicitor Sullivan ruled that the right rested with the board of aldermen, but Councilman Sheffield and others disputed this ruling. A long debate ensued, and the council finally proceeded to election, regardless of the ruling. There was but one nominee, Mr. Walter Curry, and he was elected without opposition. Later the board of aldermen met and also elected Mr. Curry, so that there might be no question as to the legality of his election.

The agreement between the New England Steamship Company and the City of Newport to operate the steamer General provided the Company was exempted from taxation to the amount of \$10,000 a year was accepted, and a resolution passed instructing the tax assessors to make the exemption. In accordance with the recommendation of the committee, a change was made in the zoning ordinance to make Commercial wharf an industrial classification instead of commercial. Another petition for change to permit of store property on Spring street was received and referred for hearing.

A number of resolutions making appropriations for the highway department to allow of two-coat work instead of one-coat; to repair damages caused by the severe winter, and for repairs to Friendship street were all laid on the table after some debate. A communication was received, requesting that a competent engineer be engaged to lay out the Broadway pavement; but under the rules action was blocked. The petition of Fischel David for remission of taxes on the Bedford lands came up again, and in the absence of any member of the board of assessors it was continued until the next meeting of the council.

A large amount of routine business of various kinds was disposed of.

FATALITY AT CIGAR FACTORY

A laborer named James LeBoeuf, residing in Fall River, was fatally injured on the cigar factory job on Commercial wharf on Wednesday, his death occurring at the Newport Hospital within a few hours after the accident. A gang of men was at work with the pile driver and several piles had been safely driven into position when the hoisting chain slipped and allowed a long pile to fall while it was being hoisted. LeBoeuf was struck on the shoulder and his head was jammed against a rock in his fall. He was hastily taken into the temporary office on the job and word was sent for physicians and the ambulance, but he was finally removed to the Hospital in an automobile. There it was seen that his condition was critical and his death followed within a short time.

No reason has been attributed for the slipping of the chain except for the general slippery conditions due to the moisture. As far as known, the chain had been fastened as securely as on the other piles that had been safely driven.

The one-way street regulations are now in effect for Thames and Spring streets, and will doubtless continue until severe weather comes again next winter. The Chief of Police has authority to suspend the regulations when he deems it necessary, and while the side streets were in bad condition, due to ice and snow, he allowed the two-way traffic to continue. Conditions are better now, but far from perfect.

The forces of the Chamber of Commerce, the City of Newport, the Rhode Island Delegation in Washington, and the employee organizations are united in their work to prevent the impending curtailment of forces at the Torpedo Station. Mayor Sullivan and Mr. Harry A. Titus have gone to Washington to see what can be done but the chances do not look bright.

Mr. James S. Hazard passed his eightieth birthday on Wednesday. He keeps up his interest in local affairs and almost any day can be found at the foot of Pelham street discussing various matters with his intimate friends.

A section of the sidewalk on Bath Road near the Cliff Walk disappeared early Thursday morning, leaving a dangerous hole in the walk.

"CONSECRATION OF SIR GALAHAD"

The Vesper Service at Channing Memorial Church on Easter Sunday afternoon was an innovation, which proved attractive. The presentation in the form of a Pageant, of the "Consecration of Sir Galahad," as broadly outlined by Eugene R. Shippen, was completely filled the church, over five hundred persons being present. After a short service of prayer, hymns and the reading of the Scriptures, the minister, Rev. Dwight F. Mowery, briefly outlined the story which the Pageant was intended to convey. The chancel and the reading desk of the church had been transformed to an Easter garden through the profuse use of Easter lilies, white hyacinths and green foliage plants. At the extreme rear stood the altar draped in white. The story was adapted as a devotional service. Sir Galahad (F. W. Johnstone) symbolized Youth dedicated to the highest ideals of purity and service. The two Knights (W. H. Holt and A. O'D. Taylor) friendly teachers and brethren, who equip Sir Galahad for life. Ygals the Mother (Mrs. Wm. Stevens) represented the nurturing church and divine motherhood. The Virtues, who carried lighted candles or flowers, suggestive of radiating light or chaste beauty, represented Courage, Loyalty, Endurance, Gentleness, Humility, Purity, Faith, Hope and Love. (Mrs. W. J. Underwood, Miss Majel Parmenter, Mrs. E. P. Gosling, Mrs. G. R. Chase, Mrs. F. S. Coff, Miss Mary Bennett, Mrs. S. Rector, Mrs. Allen Nason, and Mrs. Wm. Allen). The Angel of the Grail (Mrs. Alvah H. Sanborn) appears at the conclusion of the presentation, bearing the Holy vessel, veiled in white, but with a luminous glow which shows the form of the Cup.

The opening procession was by four Pages (Mason Rector, Edward Gosling, Henry Kelly, Earl Washburn) and a Trumpeter (John Downing), who marched up the aisle to the steps of the platform. Here they wait the arrival of the Knights, and form two lines, through which Sir Galahad passes, up the steps and up to the altar. The Knights and Pages follow.

The Voice (Rev. D. F. Mowery) representing the Spirit, though not seen, is now heard and the consecration of Sir Galahad now proceeds. Sir Galahad repeats audibly his oath of dedication to a life of honor and purity, and all are reverently kneeling as the Lord's Prayer is chanted. This was beautifully done by Mrs. Gertrude Downing Holman.

The Voice then calls for Sir Galahad to be equipped, and he is then presented with the Key of Knowledge, the Helmet, the Sword and his Shield. These insignia are borne by separate Pages, who kneel before Sir Galahad, and the Knights make the presentations. The Mother is then called upon to come and bid farewell and to bless her son—Sir Galahad. She in turn bears the Voice advising the equipping of Sir Galahad with the Virtues, to assure him on his way. The Mother calls upon these and they appear and pledge themselves to accompany him in his journey of life. The Voice then bids the Mother leave under the protection of the Knights and their followers, and these figures leave the platform, the Knights bearing drawn swords.

Sir Galahad, equipped and surrounded by the Virtues, dedicates himself to his knightly mission, while the Angel, bearing the Holy Grail, appears before him and gives him a blinding glimpse of the sacred Cup, and Sir Galahad, strengthened by his consecration, fearlessly faces the trials which may encounter him.

The story was very cleverly interpreted in the beautiful presentation at Channing Church on Sunday.

The committee from Washington Commandery to arrange for the participation of the local Templars in the one hundredth anniversary of Worcester County Commandery at Worcester, Mass., on June 24th, 1925, has organized by the election of Captain General Chester Staats as chairman, Generalissimo Fred W. Johnstone as treasurer, and Past Commander Alvah H. Santorn as secretary.

The discovery has been made that a special appropriation of \$54,000 for torpedo work is available for use before June 30, and this increase will probably result in suspension of the orders to reduce the working force until July 1st at any rate.

Mr. Frank S. Hale is confined to his home by an attack of the grip.

JOB A. PECKHAM

Mr. Job A. Peckham, one of Newport's best known retired business men, died at the Newport Hospital on Saturday last in his eighty-sixth year. He had been in the Hospital for several weeks, but his health had failed considerably before he was taken there for treatment.

Mr. Peckham was born in Newport on February 10, 1838, and was a descendant of an old Newport family. He was educated in excellent private schools. In 1857 he entered the firm of Swinburne, Peckham & Co., which for many years carried on a large business in lumber, hardware and millwork. When the firm finally closed its doors when the government took over the real estate as the location for the Government Landing, Mr. Peckham was the sole survivor of the firm.

The Peckham Company was then organized to carry on the hardware business, but after a couple of years Mr. Peckham disposed of his interest there.

He was a man of very social disposition and was very fond of club life. He was long an active member and regular attendant at the old Business Men's Association, and joined the Mianogami Club at its organization. He enjoyed the afternoons there as long as his health permitted. He was a member of the Channing Church and was active in the task of building the present church edifice. He promoted the Channing Club, which flourished for a number of years, meeting at intervals for supper and talks.

Mr. Peckham is survived by four sons, Messrs. Edward W., Frank L., Lawrence, and Alexander, and one daughter, Mrs. Lillian K. deTahy of Staten Island.

WILLIAM S. HAZARD

Mr. William S. Hazard died at his home on Rhode Island avenue Wednesday after a long illness. For the past five years he had been in failing health and some two and a half years ago he was obliged to relinquish his duties with the City of Newport as Inspector of Meat. For several days before his death he had failed rapidly.

Mr. Hazard was a descendant of an old Rhode Island family and was born in this city on November 5, 1852. He left school at a tender age to work on a farm in Middletown. He afterward entered the butchering establishments of Charles Spooner and John B. DeBlois, where he had a wide experience in handling meat products. In 1885 he opened a retail market on Broadway, continuing there for twenty years, when he engaged in poultry raising in Middletown. He was elected Inspector of Food Products under the board of health in 1911, continuing in that office until compelled to retire by failing health.

He is survived by a widow and one son, Mr. W. Douglas Hazard, president of the Newport Herald Publishing Company. Another son died in infancy.

COMMANDERY BALL

Masonic Hall never presented a more attractive appearance than on last Monday evening, when the annual Easter Ball was held with a good-sized attendance of members and their friends. The hall was very tastefully decorated and the national colors and the emblems of the Order were everywhere in evidence. The platform in the south was banked with flowers and plants, while a handsome portrait of George Washington, from whom the Commandery took its name, occupied a place of honor.

The ball programmes, which were printed at the Mercury office, bore the emblem of the Order on the front cover and the order of dances within. They were very effective. Ray Groff's orchestra furnished music for the dancing.

The Newport County Rod & Gun Association has elected Arthur Chesboro vice president, Howard A. McArthur secretary, and L. A. Engerson treasurer. The office of president is left vacant for a time.

The students of the Rogers High School presented Head Master Frank E. Thompson with a handsome cigar stand on the occasion of his seventy-fourth birthday, which occurred last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sempel S. Thompson have opened their Jamestown residence for the summer.

It is probable that the Torpedo Station will have no team in the Sunset League this season.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)
Church Election

The annual meeting and election of officers of St. Mary's and Holy Cross Churches was held on Tuesday evening, with the following results: Senior Warden—James R. Chase. Junior Warden—Restcom P. Manchester.

Vestrymen—Henry I. Chase, John L. Simmons, James R. Chase, 2d, John H. Spooner, Karl G. Anthony, Julian N. Johnson.

Parish Clerk and Treasurer—Restcom P. Manchester.

Delegates to Diocesan Convention—Henry I. Chase, Karl G. Anthony, I. Thornton Sherman.

Substitutes—John H. Spooner, Harry K. Paquin, James R. Chase, 2d, C. Woodman Chase.

Delegates to Newport Convocation—James R. Chase, 2d, H. Manton Chase, Karl G. Anthony, M. LeRoy Dennis.

Substitutes—Howard B. Sanford, Willard B. Chase, John L. Simmons, Jr., Howard B. Sanford.

Rev. A. Stanley Muirhead, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has gone to New London to attend the annual conference.

Mr. Charles D. Martin, who recently underwent a serious operation at the Newport Hospital, is reported as steadily improving. His daughter, Miss Emily M. Martin, who has been spending the Easter vacation from the Rhode Island State College, will return next Monday to her studies there.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brigham have moved from the house on the Charity Farm, Turner's Road, to the upper tenement of the house of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Gray on East Main Road.

Miss Elsie Peckham, who has been confined to her home by illness, is slowly convalescing.

Mr. August Nunes, who has been spending the winter with relatives and friends in California, has returned to his home here.

Mrs. John Nicholson and her two daughters, Alice and Natalie, are guests of Mrs. John Ward of Newton Center, Mass.

St. Mary's Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary met on Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. John Alexander-Elliott, to complete the packing of clothing for an Indian girl.

Miss Christina Sisson, older daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sisson, is seriously ill with pneumonia.

Mr. Walter Barker has gone to North Scituate where he is employed by the Lane Construction Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Coggeshall have had as guest their daughter, Miss Catherine Coggeshall, of New York.

An appropriate program was given by the children of the Methodist Episcopal Church Sunday School on Easter evening. The entertainment consisted of recitations, songs and Scriptural readings. A collection for "the children of the world" was taken by Fred Webber and Harold Irish.

Miss Lillian Weaver is visiting her nephew, Mr. Levi Weaver, at York Harbor, Maine.

Mrs. Harold Peckham and daughter Helen are visiting relatives in New Bedford.

A supper was served at the Holy Cross parish house on Wednesday evening under the direction of Mrs. Philip L. Wilber, assisted by Miss Charlotte Chase and Mrs. Edgar Lewis. The menu consisted of cold roast fresh ham, potato salad, rolls, relishes, cake and coffee.

Mrs. Henry I. Chase, Jr., has gone to Portchester, N. Y., where she will be guest of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Reese.

Rev. James H. S. Fair conducted the services at St. Columba's Chapel on Sunday morning, assisted by Rev. Arthur N. Peaslee. The church was beautifully decorated with Easter lilies and other potted plants. The St. George's School vested choir sang appropriate anthems. They also sang at the evening service, which was held in the church instead of the parish house. Special Easter services were held for the Sunday School children.

Miss Eloise Peckham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Peckham, who graduated from Rogers High School in 1920, is now a Junior in Wellesley College. Miss Peckham is on the roll of Junior Durant scholars appointed this year. Durant scholars are two classes of honor scholarships established for the purpose of giving recognition to a high degree of excellence in academic work.

Mr. J. Irving Shepley, District Deputy Grand Master, paid an official visit to Eureka Lodge, No. 22, F. & A. M., of Portsmouth on Tuesday evening. He was accompanied by a large suite, comprising many officers and Past Masters of the two local lodges.

The local lobster season will open on April 15th, and a large number of lobster fishermen have taken out licenses enabling them to do business. It looks as if there would be an unusually large number of men and boats engaged in lobstering here.

The Gas Company expects to begin on enlargement of its gas containers within a few days. A delay has been caused by waiting for supplies.

PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent)
Annual Meeting of St. Paul's Guild

There was a large attendance at the annual meeting of St. Paul's Guild which was held on Tuesday, at which the following officers were elected: President—Mrs. Frederick Webb. First Vice President—Mrs. Minot Steele.

Second Vice President—Mrs. Alexander Boone.

Secretary—Mrs. William Lawrence. Treasurer—Miss Oriana Anthony.

Fancy Work Committee—Mabel I. Holman, Louise Chase, Mrs. Alfred Mott, Mrs. Walter Chase.

Apron Committee—Mrs. Frederick Webb, Mrs. Arthur A. Sherman, Mrs. William Hathaway.

Flower Committee—Mrs. Frank Wheeler, Mrs. Alfred Hall.

Junior Choir Committee—Mrs. Arthur O. Smith, Mrs. George Morrisette, Mrs. Ralph H. Anthony. Supper was served, consisting of cold sliced ham, scalloped potatoes, rolls, tomato and cucumber salad, cake, and coffee. The supper committee comprised Mrs. Alfred Mott, chairman, Mrs. Frederick Webb, Mrs. Arthur Sherman, Mrs. William A. Lawrence, Mrs. Berton Storm, and Mrs. Alexander Boone. Games and an entertainment followed, which was greatly enjoyed.

The material for making hats for the millinery class has arrived and a large class will be held under the direction of Mrs. Deborah C. Knott, home demonstration agent of the Newport County Farm Bureau.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey H. Beasley of Pomfret, Conn., are spending a few days with Mrs. Beasley's parents, Rev. and Mrs. James P. Conover.

Miss Eliza Hall, who is in training at the Peter Brent Brigham hospital in Boston, spent the Easter holiday with her mother, Mrs. Annie Hall, as did also Miss Marjorie Hall of the Rhode Island School of Education, Providence, and Berkeley Hall of Moses Brown School, Providence.

Mrs. Lydia K. Chase, who has been making her home with her daughter, Mrs. William T. H. Soule, has gone to the home of her son, Mr. Richard Chase, in Fairhaven, Mass., for an extended visit.

The Draftsman's Union, Local No. 5, met on Wednesday evening at the home of Mr. Jethro H. Peckham. Much business was transacted.

Miss Helen Allen of Falmouth, Mass., is spending the Easter vacation with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. William H. Allen.

A pleasing Easter concert was given at the Methodist Episcopal Church on Sunday evening by the Sunday School scholars. Recitations and singing were enjoyed, after which the potted plants which decorated the church were sent to the sick and shut-in members.

Rev. James P. Conover officiated at the celebration of the Holy Communion on Sunday morning at St. Mary's Church. At 2.30 in the afternoon the Sunday Schools of both churches met at St. Mary's and the mite boxes with the Lenten offering were presented by the children. After the address by the rector, each child was given a hyacinth. After the service they adjourned to the rectory, where ice cream, cake and candy were served.

Mrs. John Quinn of Providence died early Sunday morning at the hospital, where she had recently submitted to an operation. Mrs. Quinn, who was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Tallman of Cosey Corner, had been in poor health for the past year, but spent two weeks here recently with her parents. She is survived by her parents, her husband and four brothers, Messrs. Curtis, Lewis, Walter and Norman Tallman. The funeral was held at the home of her parents on Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

The finals of the pool and pinochle tournaments of the Men's Community Club show Perry J. Sherman and John Souza to be the pool winners. Team 5, composed of Robert Whitworth, William Spooner and Herman Holman were the winners in the pinochle game.

Mrs. Arthur O. Smith, who was recently operated upon at the Newport Hospital, has returned to her home.

The public schools will open on Monday, April 9, after the Easter vacation.

It was Mr. Charles H. Dyer instead of Mr. Samuel Dyer, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Newport Hospital. Mr. Dyer is janitor at the Newtown Grammar School.

It rained hard during the night Wednesday night and there has also been much fog, both of which have helped to carry away the accumulation of ice and snow. It looks as though it might be some time before the Highway department could start the spring work on the streets.

St. John's Lodge will hold its annual Ladies' Night on Thursday evening, April 19, and have engaged the Weber Concert Company of Boston to supply the entertainment. Dancing will follow.

Great preparations are being made for the Minstrel Show and Dance which will be given by Kolah Grotto on Thursday and Friday evenings of next week. There will be an old-fashioned minstrel show with specialties, and this will be followed by dancing.

The Custard Cup

by Florence Bingham Livingston

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Living in a barn, converted into a dwelling, Mrs. Penfield is manager of an apartment building known as the "Custard Cup," originally "Gloster Court." Her income is derived from laundry work, her chief patron being a Mrs. Lorraine Weatherstone, whom she has never seen. Living with her are "Crink," a homeless small boy whom she has adopted. They call her "Penzie." Thad tells Penzie a strange man was inquiring for her under her maiden name.

CHAPTER II.—A tenant, Mrs. Gussie Bosley, induces Penzie to take charge of a package, which she does with some misgivings.

CHAPTER III.—Searching a refuse dump for things which might be of value, Crink, veteran at the game, encounters a small girl, Lettie, who proves a foeman worthy of his steel. He takes her to Penzie, and Lettie is adopted into the family.

CHAPTER IV.—The stranger proves to be Mrs. Penfield. He is going to remain in the vicinity of The Custard Cup.

CHAPTER V.—Uncle Jerry arrives to occupy the loft above Mrs. Penfield's apartment.

CHAPTER VI.—Uncle Jerry meets Prudence, the landlady, and the two appear to "hit it off." Well, Lorraine Percy, young friend of Lettie, tells her of her engagement to Dick Chase, also a mutual friend.

CHAPTER VII.—Friendship developing between Uncle Jerry and Frank Bosley, husband of Gussie, worries Penzie.

CHAPTER VIII.—Calming a tenant, Mrs. Penfield, on the verge of a nervous breakdown, Mrs. Penfield reveals the tragic story of her life, the sudden death of her three children, an epidemic and the subsequent death of her husband.

CHAPTER IX.—Lettie's pet aversion to the "Custard Cup" has long been a source of trouble. Prudence, the landlady, and the animosity which much water is spilled.

CHAPTER X.—Dick Chase confides to Mrs. Penfield his plan to step another, Mrs. Percy, by pleading physical helplessness, is seeking to prevent their marriage. Penzie skillfully exposes Mrs. Percy's sham, and the latter is forced to withdraw her objections.

CHAPTER XI.—The domestic difficulties of the Bosleys become a matter of gossip among the other tenants of The Custard Cup.

CHAPTER XII.—Lettie, having subtly discovered her beloved Penzie's distrust of Frank Bosley as a companion, a certain Mrs. Penfield denounces Uncle Jerry to Uncle Jerry to give up the acquaintance. They laugh at her.

CHAPTER XIII.—Endeavoring to prevent the marriage of Lorraine and Dick Chase, Mrs. Percy succeeds in badly damaging Lorraine's trousseau. Mrs. Penfield, by the hardest kind of work, repairs the damage, and the wedding takes place.

CHAPTER XIV.—Remarks left fall by Mrs. Bosley leave Penzie in utter bewilderment as to the relations between Uncle Jerry and the Bosleys. Uncle Jerry is evasive in his explanations.

Crink took up his knife again. "Aw! Nothing doing, Lettie. What do you take me for?" he scoffed. "Me, buying four cents' worth of stuff to Mr. Drake? I couldn't hold up my head. No fun—ever passes out less'n a nickel."

"All right, smarty. Put up another penny, and you'll have the nickel that's calling you."

"Gee! Them two cents are the end for the week."

"It's the end of the week, too," snarled Lettie. "Fork over a penny on next week. It'll do your soul good. This whole thing's going to please Penzie better'n anything."

Crink demurred. Lettie insisted. Crink capitulated.

"Now you're talking, Crink. And hurry—hurry—hurry!"

She was humiliated with impatience. She was afraid that the guest might depart before the refreshments would be ready. She stuck her head through the door into the living-room.

"Now take guinea pigs, for instance," Uncle Jerry was saying, for an easy gesture. "Guinea pigs would be a pretty healthy lot if the medical schools would let 'em alone. The whole point is—"

"How're you getting on?" inquired Lettie brightly.

This remark was intended to be encouraging, but it had a rather paralyzing effect upon conversation, which had been in full swing. Miss Hapgood dipped her hook into her work with unusual jerkiness. Uncle Jerry glared—glared as if he didn't appreciate hospitality at all.

"Run 'long, Lettie," he said briefly. "I got a story to finish."

Feeling cuffed, Lettie went back into the kitchen. But at least there was no danger of immediate departure, since a story was in progress. She got out the popper, a large dish, the salt. Crink did not come. She grew more and more impatient. Presently she softly opened the door into the living-room again and peered in with great caution.

Miss Hapgood wasn't crocheting now. Her work had fallen in her lap. She was looking at Uncle Jerry with an expression of absorbed interest, and there was a lovely sheen pink in her cheeks. Lettie had never seen her look like that. Uncle Jerry was talking, but Lettie paid no attention. She was thinking about Miss Hapgood. She edged into the room. "Are you having a good time?" she began conversationally.

Perennial Prue jumped, fairly clutched at her work. Uncle Jerry frowned heavily.

Lettie, clinging to the role of hostess, smiled genially. "You look awful interested in each other. I guess you—"

"Lettie, didn't I tell you—"

It was Uncle Jerry's voice—a severe

sign of mystery, but the testimony of all three was flat and without hope.

"I hadn't never had a Christmas," confided Thad.

"I hadn't, neither," countered Lettie shortly, "and I'm twice as old as you—maybe more. We hadn't none of us had a Christmas."

"Yes, I had one," admitted Crink, proud of the fact and yet eagerful to detract from the record of woe. "I was with Penzie last year, and we had a pretty good time, but there wasn't no tree. Seems as if," he added, with a sidelong glance at Lettie, "seems as if now there's three of us, we'd oughter have a tree." He had the greatest faith in Lettie, having seen her put through more than one scheme that gave little promise of success.

And immediately she caught the inevitable connection between three children and the spreading branches of a fir. She shook her black curls violently. "We gotta," she declared.

"Yes, we gotta," echoed Crink, with strengthened hope.

"Boys, we're gonna," continued Lettie vehemently.

"Yes, we're gonna," chirruped Crink.

"We're gonna," piped Thad joyously.

"What's the big plan, children?" inquired Mrs. Penfield, coming in with a delicate blouse, freshly ironed, which she adjusted on a newspaper hanger tied to a line across the corner.

"Christmas!" exploded Lettie.

"Oh!" Mrs. Penfield rested her weight wearily on one foot and gazed



"We Want a Tree, and Presents, and— and Everything."

the children a look of troubled reflection.

"We want a tree and presents and— everything," explained Crink.

"Oh, my dears!" The words were heavy with distress. Then Mrs. Penfield pulled herself together and became expansively optimistic. "I'll tell you what I thought. I been planning that we'd have a fine day, and I'm going to make us a grand bread pudding. Uncle Jerry brought us a whole sack of stale bread last night. I got it to a bakery cheap, and I'm tickled to death. I'm going to try out a lot of it in the oven, and it'll keep for weeks. We'll have bread pudding and codfish scallop and—"

"It would make stuffing," put in Crink eagerly.

"In some families it would, Crink, but we don't have nothing to stuff— except ourselves. But about Christmas—I thought we'd play games and tell stories and teach Philibuster a new trick and pop some corn. You see, we'd have an awful busy day, just chuck full of pleasure."

Thad scrambled to his feet and approached her with reiteration. "We want a tree, Penzie. All of us wants one."

"Bless your sweet heart!" Mrs. Penfield caught him into her arms and kissed him; then set him down again.

"Now, children, I'll tell you how I'm about a tree. This year we got a heap of things to buy. Ain't one of you got a decent shoe, and Crink's got to have a new suit, or he can't hold up his head in school. Yes, I know you'd go without, but you got to remember that Christmas is only one day, and life is three hundred and sixty-five of 'em a year. Besides, we'll have the best time."

Crink took a turn. "I think, Penzie, maybe it ain't a tree."

"My dear, it ain't the tree; it's the things to go on it. And it takes a good while to save for extras."

With a spring, Lettie stepped up to the front line. "Get away, babies!" she commanded, with a scornful wave of her arm. "This is where we get down to business. Now, Penzie, darling, how much would it cost to get a tree and everything—you know—the whole shooting match?"

Mrs. Penfield considered. "You mean a tree and trimmings and presents—"

"Yes, and presents for everybody in The Custard Cup," supplemented Lettie. "Everything swell—a big party!"

"Why, Lettie, if you was to do it on a big scale like that and have everything grand, it'd take—I'm 'fraid it'd take a dollar."

Gravely Lettie reflected upon this huge block of solid finance, as yet un-negotiated. "If we'll raise a dollar," she stipulated slowly, "honest-to-goodness earn it, will you show us how to have a big blow-out Christmas—lots of presents and fixings—and strings of things all over the trees—and candles—and a big party?"

"I'll do that very thing, Lettie," promised Mrs. Penfield. "But—"

"It's as good as done," shouted Lettie. "Oh, Penzie, I love you harder all the time." She flew at Mrs. Penfield, strangled her for a moment with a thoroughness that was fortunately brief, and dashed through the big door into the driveway, to ventilate her ex-

uberance in the open air.

Crink followed. "Say, Lettie," he inquired anxiously, "how you going to do it?"

She turned on him disdainfully.

"Landy patience, Crink, how do you suppose I know?"

"Well," he returned, in deep disappointment, "you told her sure, just as it—"

"Golly, won't you never grow up, Crink? Don't you know you have to be sure of a thing first, and then you go ahead and do it afterward? I'm doing the sure part now, and pretty soon I'll think of a way of pulling it off. Trust me!"

Lettie's enterprise was complicated by the fact that she was still in the shadow of debt. She owed twenty cents on the replacing of Mrs. Wopple's window. It had been a slow matter to accumulate the money to pay for her moment of impulsive violence, and never again would she be lacking in respect for a pane of glass. But now to raise a dollar—no, a dollar and twenty cents—in a week! In less time! There would be endless preparations to make, and the money would have to be in hand before the plans could begin. She could not allow herself more than three days. It was appalling. The window money had been raised by long, weary hours of solid labor: picking up wood, washing steps, running errands. The rewards had been in reverse ratio to the intensity of efforts and had ranged from one cent up to a dime per job. The latter had been the insupportable limit.

It was painfully evident that these slow methods must be abandoned in favor of a gigantic financial coup. Lettie discouraged the society of Crink and Thad, and withdrew to her favorite vacant lot for purposes of meditation. Throwing herself down in the shade of a weeping willow, she proceeded to translate her outburst of assurance into plans for concrete execution.

"By jingoes!" she said to herself. "I gotta get that money in a lump. This ain't no dime-a-week stunt. It's a race between me and Christmas, and I'm going to get there first!" Mrs. Penfield looked over and puffed the ground with her fist. "I'm gonna! By your heart, I'm gonna!"

Having registered her determination both verbally and physically, she felt considerably relieved. Lifting her eyes, she shook off her tenseness and surveyed the world in a wholly receptive mood. A boy was walking around the corner. He came in light, distributing handbills. Lettie watched him climb steps, slip a dagger under the door, run down again, climb other steps.

Her gaze ceased to follow the boy, became fixed, dreamy. Her body was motionless. "By George!" she murmured. "I'm getting an idea. I can 'most see it."

It developed that this particular "idea" was not to be captured in the space of ten seconds, but Lettie stared by with incredible patience. Finally the mental vision was clarified. She sprang to her feet, wild with excitement and hope, and dashed off several blocks, to one of her hunting grounds, the free edge of a lumber yard. Here she rummaged until she had collected a number of long, light pieces of wood, which she humped together with an old wire and dragged home.

The afternoon and all of the following day were spent by Lettie in the most secluded corner of the Penfield back yard, and no king in his castle was ever more unapproachable. Crink and Thad were left in no doubt regarding her desire for isolation. The beloved Eli Caesar was fended off with an active coyness that wounded his affectionate nature. Bonnie Gerstine limped about the yard without exciting even the feeblest compassion of her mistress.

Mrs. Penfield, glancing from the window occasionally at the small figure busily working with hatchet and nails, sticks and old wire, was moved to pity over the disappointment which she feared was in store. It was evident that the child's whole being was set on success and that she was risking everything on one venture. And yet how could she make anything out of her little old scraps that anybody would buy? The tears gathered in Mrs. Penfield's eyes as she imagined the probable crumbling of Lettie's hopes.

Every little while there would be a spaulding of steps through the yard, a flash of black curls through the door, a furious beating on the temper gone.

"Take that, will you?" Lettie would cry, addressing a split within herself, often addressed before. "Lordy, I'll beat you. You make me—tired—all time trying to—get me! Now how do you feel?"

The temper going bad long since ceased to be a thing of wood. Lettie's imagination had endowed it with a fraction of her own nature, the undesirable, fraction, and she scolded and threatened and pumiled it with a fury that was sharper because of the personification.

Mrs. Penfield traced the frequency of these demonstrations to undue exertion. "Lettie, dear, don't work so hard," she remonstrated.

"Penzie, darling, I gotta," replied Lettie firmly. "There ain't much time, and the old thing talks on me."

But in the middle of the second forenoon Lettie came into the house with impressive triumph. Her steps were measured, her head high.

"She works," announced the child, with a brief nod toward the contraption she was carrying. It was a long, slender stick with wires at one end, but Lettie gave no explanation of its purpose. Instead, she took it into the bedroom and hid it jealously behind her own sleeping box.

She scrubbed her face and hands to the full capacity of soap and water, brushed her black curls with conscientious vigor, and put on her better gingham dress. For a moment she stared in dismay at her shabby shoes. Mrs. Penfield had bought them when Lettie first arrived, but they had necessarily been cheap ones, and the inevitable had happened.

"I don't care!" declared Lettie, with a toss of her head. "The upper part of me's as good as anybody, and I'll keep

folks busy looking at that. Some day I'll have lots of shoes—lots of 'em."

Upheld by the redundant luxury of the future, Lettie set forth. Her objective had been in mind from the first. Part of the information which she had picked up in her open-air life was the system by which advertising material is distributed. She had known more than one boy who was employed by The Wideawake Advertising agency, and her present visit was to headquarters.

The office was an informal affair, a narrow room on the ground floor. The company consisted of one man and an office boy. It was the latter who stepped forward when Lettie entered. She hugged tight to the counter by way of concealing her shoes from the view of the critical, but her head was very high.

"Is the manager in?"

The manager was undeniably in. Lettie herself could see him, a stout man with heavy eyebrows, sitting at a desk behind the counter. But the young man was a person of evasion.

"What can I do for you?" he said, with a lazy smile.

"You can let me see the manager," informed Lettie, coolly. "I got business with him."

"Have you?" drawled the young man.

"What'll I tell him?"

Lettie considered swiftly. This was a business errand. It was a time for dignity. One could not be too careful. "Tell him Miss Penfield," she replied, proudly.

The young man laughed aloud, but Lettie stared at him with unflinching composure. The room was so small that every word uttered in it was distinctly



"Mr. Abbott, Feel Like Seeing Miss Penfield?"

audible to all its occupants. Therefore the stout man at the desk was accurately posted on the interview to date. Nevertheless, his assistant turned toward him, seemingly by a pivotal movement of his elbow on the counter, and inquired:

"Mr. Abbott, feel like seeing Miss Penfield?"

Mr. Abbott faced about, appraised Lettie without any indication of joy, and shrugged a bored shoulder.

"Let her come in," he said indifferently.

Lettie went.

Mr. Abbott smiled lazily at the small creature who had settled into the chair at the side of his desk. He was evidently inclined to understate the seriousness of the impending interview.

"What's calling you, kid?" he inquired good-naturedly.

Lettie shot him a glance of scornful reproach. "I come to talk business," she announced coldly.

"Well, talk it then. What's the hitch?"

Thus encouraged, Lettie jumped straight from the store into the middle of the pond. "I gotta scheme—a grand scheme that'll save you heaps of money, heaps and heaps!" she added, waving her lean arms to indicate a sum approaching dazzling proportions.

"You don't say! What's the scheme?"

"Well—" Lettie squirmed to the edge of her chair in expansive excitement. "Well, I been watching your boys, how they all time walk, walk—like up steps—like down—And—and 'tain't necessary. I gotta scheme that cuts out the steps. It—"

"Oh! Sort of wrecking machine?"

Lettie stamped her feet, first one and then the other, in a glacial performance highly compelling in its own way. "Quit laughing! I got it all doped out, and it works. This—this machine of mine holds the card or the handbill, and the boy holds the machine, and—"

A gust of laughter shook Mr. Abbott's ample shoulders. "Branch on the tree, tree in the ground, green grass—"

With a spring, Lettie came to her feet. "Shut up," she shrieked. "Don't you dare to make fun of me. You'll get me— Oh, excuse—"

Limply she dropped back into her chair. It had occurred to her vaguely that business must be conducted not according to natural changes of feeling, but by hercule methods calculated to coax results. And because Mr. Abbott happened to be amused by daylight fireworks, he languidly gave her another chance.

"Excuse me," repeated Lettie, by way of emphasizing her contrition. "I get excited thinking 'bout this here machine." A bright smile danced across her small mouth and lighted up her black eyes. "You see, it's a wonderful scheme. All the boys has to do is to stand at the bottom of the door—and let it all doped out how—and then while he's blick to the next house, he puts another card into the—"

The swivel chair creaked suddenly, as Mr. Abbott jerked himself to an erect position. The mocking laziness disappeared from his face, like the lifting of morning fog. "Where's your machine?" he demanded.

"It's at home. I—I—"

"Fraid I'd steal it, eh? Well, I can tell you—"

"Oh, no-o-o," interrupted Lettie breathlessly. Her black eyes sprang wide as she glimpsed the hideousness of failure. "I—I thought I'd see if you were 'ntrusted, 'cause if you are, I—I'd make machines for you—for a dollar apiece. And, honest, they—"

In her eagerness to forestall refusal, she rushed madly through all the points of her scheme, instead of marshaling them diplomatically, as she had planned.

Mr. Abbott took up his pencil and found his place in the account book from which he had been taking notes. It was painfully evident that his easy tolerance was exhausted. His good nature was in lumps, like pocket free gold, and after a few talcates one confronted the barrenness of country rock. Sensing this reversal of attitude, Lettie grew cold with prickles of glacially frost. Before her mental vision swam a misty picture of Christmas tree, gifts, jollity, cheer; it fledged dizzily, receded farther—and farther. She gasped.

"Oh, please be 'ntrusted," she begged, pounding a small brown fist into her open palm. "Honest, it'll save you heaps!"

"Gave nothing! Sproing your pipe dream worked, it'd take a boy as long to lead up the contraption—"

"But even if it did," broke in Lettie eagerly, "it'd pay 'cause he'd be more excited and—"

"Ain't aiming to get my boys excited. My line ain't revivals, it's advertising. Now you run 'long outa here while I'm still holding on to my temper. Do you hear?"

Lettie rose swiftly, her face white with fear, her eyes blazing with intensity. "You gotta listen. Honest, you'd get more work out of your boys. I'll bring it. I'll show you. I'll—"

"Get outa here! I ain't going to bother—"

"Holy Jimminy!" cried the child, with a flare of anger. "Can't you talk sense? I'm telling you straight—"

"Jack," called Mr. Abbott, "put this kid out!"

"Oh! Oh!" screamed Lettie. "Don't you dare!" In a blinding gust of rage at the threatened indignity, she clenched her fists and pointed the frail old desk (all the papers rustled and the inkwell rocked, against its metal holder. A scorching red had surged into her cheeks; her narrow chest jumped up and down in agony.

"Don't you dare! Just leave a heart. Listen till I— Oh, let me alone. Don't you dare; don't you—"

Snatching, protesting, lashing out with her lean, angry arms, Miss Penfield was being forcibly ejected from the office of the Wideawake Advertising Agency. The boy Jack, with unconcealed relief, had grasped the child by a thin elbow, and was guiding her to the door. Not without difficulty, however! He was able to control the general direction, but not without picturesque zigzaggings. Lettie, alternating shouts of entreaty and defiance, was executing a series of convolutions about the fulcrum of her own elbow which would have given suggestions to a vaudeville dancer in search of innovations.

"You don't know boys," screamed Lettie. "Leggo, dere you! You don't know boys! They'd rather work a trick than eat. They—"

"Shut up, you wild Indian," advised the boy called Jack.

"Shut up, yourself," retorted Lettie. "You don't know boys! You don't know!" She stopped, abruptly conscious that she was addressing a closed door and a stark empty of life except for a pattering Alfordale, obviously not interested in advertising.

Still with anger, panic-stricken by failure, Lettie dashed down the street, into a vacant lot where there was a sprawling live-oak tree. With small brown fists she began beating the rough-trunk. Wild sobbs shook her thin frame. Tears rolled down her face; anger dried them on her hot cheeks, only to replace them by a new flood.

With savage delight in her own suffering, she beat the gnarled bark till the blood came and her muscles ached. Then her arms dropped; she slumped into a heap on the ground—no longer a well-driven human being, full of light and fierceness, but a forlorn little girl, powerless and heartbroken. With all the gathered longing of a hard, dreary childhood, she had set her mind on these holidays as upon some idealized heights of bliss. And now it was to be as it had always been: no tree, no presents, no party, no games, no anything!

Next week she would prow through various streets in the early dusk, stopping now and then before a window to watch somebody else's Christmas tree, spreading its branches between parted curtains, dotted with lighted candles that gleamed on tinsel and gay red bells—just as she had done last year—and year before—and year before! Perhaps, as had happened once, she would find a church party. She would climb up on a fence and look in at the window—at groups and groups of children waiting for Santa Claus to give them presents from the big tree with its deep, soft boughs and chains of tinsel and glitter. Inside—outside! What a difference! And she, Lettie, would be outside, clinging to a fence, looking in upon good times that had never been hers. Outside—always, always outside!

Her body shook with sobs. Her thin fingers twisted in the dry grass and the sharp oak leaves. "Something cold touched her burning cheek. She squinted away. The cold touch followed. She reached to push it from her, and her fingers fell on the soft ears of a dog. With a wild cry, Lettie sat up and threw her arms around the shaggy creature. He licked her face.

Continued on Page 3

THE CUSTARD CUP

Continued from Page 2

He was a wise dog, a dog of family, and he had seen small people suffer before, so he knew exactly what to do. He continued to lick—and Lette continued to hug. He had offered his sympathy and she took it with greed, and felt vastly better. Her tears were checked.

"You see," she said aloud, her voice breaking over a dry sob, "it works. That makes it hard to stand. It works." Her lip quivered, but she was not going to cry before this new friend, who was giving her the stiffest kind of advice with a wagging tail, tempered by a heartening look out of soft big eyes.

Lette patted him more absently, more and more dreamily, her thoughts



Lette Patted Him More Absently.

withdrawing into the seclusion of anxious meditation. She scarcely noticed when he left her, at the call of his own master. But his brief sympathy had given her courage. She contemplated the shattered lines of her ambitious plan. That was one trouble. She had been too ambitious, hoping to make many dollars.

Out of the clouds a new thought took shape, beckoned with promise, sent Lette flying down the street again, back to The Custard Cup. She pelted through the driveway and into Number 47. With a flash of black curls she whirled into the bedroom, seized her invention from behind the sleeping box, and was off again, racing along through the driveway and up the street, running, running, hugging the long pole with plunging compensations.

"I gotta have that tree," she repeated over and over, half sobbing still. "I gotta, I promised. Oh, Penzie, I gotta."

She reached the Widenwake office utterly breathless and frenzied by the inward struggle between hope and despair. Her curls whipped across her face as she dashed through the door, through the gate in the counter, past the astonished Jack, and brought up at the desk. The long pole wavered uncertainly above the head of Mr. Abbott, who dropped his pencil and jerked back in instinctive reaction.

"Here!" pointed Lette through dry lips. "Here! See—for yourself. You can have it—and the whole scheme—make as many as you want—for a dollar. Whole thing—a dollar!"

Mr. Abbott stared at the child in speechless amazement, his eyes unseeing following the imminent gyrations of the long stick. Lette, watching him with eagle gaze and seeing no signs of success, clutched desperately for further leverage. Perhaps apology! That was often what people required of her. Certainly if an apology or two would turn the scales, it was not a time for personal reserve.

"Excuse me—for getting mad," she gasped out. "I gotta beastly temper. To home I—I pound it out, but you—you didn't have anything to pound—quick 'nough. And excuse me for using your desk. If you'd had a gong, you know—"

"Holy smoke!" interrupted Mr. Abbott, with some faint indications of plunging into another pocket of good nature. "Don't have heart failure or fit-jammines or anything—not in my office. Sit down, sister, and grab on to yourself. Let's see if we can find out what 'ayum you come out of."

With a humpy sigh Lette dropped into a chair, and having collected a modest supply of breath, she launched into a demonstration of her model. At the end of the stick were two arcs of wire which closed upon the card. The arcs were held together by a wire loop, which could be released by two arms, also of wire, that ran down the handle within reach of the operator.

The contrivance was crudely made. The wires were far from even, and they were clamped to the long stick with carpet tacks; but as Lette triumphantly and repeatedly pointed out, "It worked."

Mr. Abbott himself worked it a number of times, not rapidly but with undeniable results. Lette watched him in agonized suspense. He shook his head. "I don't see how it'd save anything. It might in some sections where the steps are high, but—"

"Oh, sir," cried Lette, "boys would just love it."

"Shaw!" interrupted Mr. Abbott. "Point is—"

**Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA**

"It's most Christmas," he began pres-ently.

Lette came out of her chair. "Cracky, ain't it?"

He looked at her keenly. "I got a boy that's crazy over machinery. Did you say a dollar?"

She nodded. "I—I'm sorry to ask so much," she stammered, now thoroughly humbled, "but I—I gotta have—"

He said nothing. But presently he drew out an old wallet with a pleasant bulge and extracted from it a green bill, which he slowly unfolded. It was a dollar bill. Lette's wide eyes fastened on it with unflinching transi- tion. It was the key to fairyland, the thing she had hoped for, worked for, fought for; but now that it lay before her, she was held in the awe of unreality. Her breath stopped; her body grew rigid except for the play of muscles in her throat; a mist swam before her eyes.

"Here you are, sister." He passed over the bill.

Lette took it in a daze. She tried to speak. "Th-a-n-k—" Her voice bumped up and down; her thin chest heaved in an agony of emotion; she clutched the bill and stumbled out of the office. Never before had she owned a dollar; a tenth part of it was the largest sum that had ever come into her hands, and that had been humbly and sweetly swallowed up by the Wopple-window debt.

"Oh, Penzie," she cried, as she burst into the kitchen, "I got it! I got it. I'm rich, ain't you glad?"

"Depends on what you got, dear," returned Mrs. Penfield, grown cautious through much experience.

Lette held up her tanned fist, so tightly clenched that the bones showed white under the bloodless skin. Slowly, triumphantly, she opened it.

"Now we can have the tree and the party and fun—and everything, can't we?" she shouted. "Gosh, I thought I'd never pull it off."

"Lette, dear," sighed Mrs. Penfield, "we got to do something 'bout your language."

Lette grinned. "Not 'fore Christmas, have we?"

"I expect we wouldn't have time 'fore Christmas," smiled Mrs. Penfield, "but we got to get at it by New Year's."

Lette reverted to matters of more moment. "And now, Penzie, you'll do what you promised and show me how to buy a big, big Christmas? We got money 'nough now, haven't we?"

"Oh, plenty. All we got to do is to plan, and we'll get right at it."

CHAPTER XVII

Dimes, Limited.

"The reason some folks have to have so much money," explained Mrs. Penfield, "is, they don't know how to plan. Land, they'd be spoiled to know how little money they could live on if they'd only mix their brains with it."

It was admitted at Number 47 that funds were ample for the project in hand, but the young Miss Penfield was dumfounded to find her apital diminished from one dollar to eighty cents, the intervening twenty being required to liquidate the final payment on the Wopple window. It seemed that one could not face a holiday in the right attitude if one were in debt, and Lette could not be spared to earn further money before the festive day. However, Crink brought in five cents, returns from an errand, and Thad jubilantly contributed one penny, gross proceeds from two hours of chicken-fencing from the Chatterbox garden. Total, eighty-six cents!

Mrs. Penfield knew a place in the country where a tree could be had for nothing. But it would take two car-fares and return; also Crink and the family hatchet. Twenty cents was segregated for the enterprise.

The next morning an important expedition set forth from The Custard Cup. Mrs. Penfield went along as guide, but the motive force was Lette, who bore the badge of authority in a small purse containing sixty-six cents in negotiable form. She was easily the happiest child in the whole city. Her feet pressed the rainbow path of Promise; her fingers held the wand of Possibility; her starved life was suddenly illumined with the light of joy, dazzling by contrast, scarcely to be believed, permeating her being with a feeling of unreality.

The Penfields had a long walk, but the morning was beautiful, bright and crisp, with a bracing quality that emphasized the cheerful spirit of the season. There had been rain a few days before, washing the haze from the hills, giving greener life to lawns and trees. The streets were bustling with activity. Expressmen and delivery boys were busier than usual, running up steps and ringing doorbells with an agreeable appearance of rush; people were hurrying in every direction, carrying packages of delightful mystery.

Mrs. Penfield guided Lette to a store that catered to shoppers whose desires were ambitious and whose resources were small. Head held high, Lette pushed her way through the crowd that thronged the aisles. The first item on her list was tree trimmings. But she blinked in bewilderment at the array before her. And a dime was the limit, the absolute limit for this department. Lette set her teeth and eliminated systematically until she reached the most for the least, which gave her three yards of thin silver tinsel for ten cents.

Candles? Most emphatically! A Christmas tree without candles is an evening sky without stars. For the affluent, candles were provided in boxes, at ten cents per; but others might be had at the rate of six for five cents. Six were as bad for Lette, who then turned her mental batteries upon the subject of holders, essential to safety of branch and limb. But candle-holders were ten cents. They came in sets of twelve clamped to a card, and she was obliged to take the entire lot or go without.

Lette stood before the display so long that impatient shoppers disputed the space she occupied, so absorbed that the interrogations of floor-walkers failed to penetrate her consoling

ness. Her heart pounded in a panic. How could she do what couldn't be done? She looked around. A woman stood beside her, engaged in mental work on candle-holders. With the intuition of wide experience, Lette appraised her instantly.

"Landy gracious!" she cried. "Ain't it a fright the way they lump 'em?"

The woman looked up. "Ain't it?"



"I Gotta Scheme," Said Lette.

she agreed. "And the six-for-five candles are longer'n them in boxes, too."

"I gotta scheme," said Lette. "What say if we go sneaks on a card?"

"I'd be glad to."

Thereupon nickels were pooled, and a card was purchased and divided, to the infinite satisfaction of everybody concerned.

The Penfield plan allowed another dime for candy, but it was no easy matter to decide upon the variety. Divisibility had to be considered, as well as bulk. Fortunately, the lower the price, the higher the color, so the latter quality took care of itself. Lette, pacing up and down before the long counter of heaped-up candies, came to rest before "plum mixed" and "midget mixed." Undoubtedly they represented the best values. The midget would yield greater numbers, but plum mixed would surely melt less rapidly and therefore give longer entertainment to the consumer. Ultimately Lette's money was on plum mixed.

The other purchases required little selection and were speedily made. They consisted of a tablet of plain, good paper for one dime; two packages of envelopes, for another; a spool of white thread, five cents; and a stick of pink-and-white candy, one cent. The latter would help decorate the tree and also serve as a gift for Thad.

During all these transactions Mrs. Penfield had been merely an attentive bit of background, but in the following few minutes she was called upon to take an active stand. It proved to be no simple matter to get Miss Lette out of the store. So engrossed had she been in the purchases on her tentative list that she had scarcely cast a comprehending glance at other commodities; but now that her responsibility was over and her cash exhausted, she turned a fascinated eye upon tables and counters of alluring articles.

Lette had never had anything to do with stores. This was the first time in her life that she had ever bought anything. The bustle, the glitter, the endless array, wrought havoc with her imagination, filled her with a frenzy of intoxication. Little cars with wheels that turned; dime banks that looked like the most blooming peaches on Mrs. Penfield's wall; games, books, toys! Marbles—magical, twenty-four round pieces of baked terra firma for the ridiculous sum of five cents! How happy Crink would be! How Thad's soft eyes would bulge! It was more than could be borne.

"I don't care!" Lette burst into frantic sobs that carried over a wide circle. "I don't care! Do you hear? I don't care!" Tears streamed down her face. She stamped her foot and swung her free arm with a violence and latitude that first grazed several astonished shoppers and then led to a somewhat freer space around the child.

"Lette, dear," expostulated Mrs. Penfield hurriedly, "remember where you are."

"I do," shrieked Lette. "That's what's the matter. I don't care. Some day I'll have things—oceans and heaps and oodles of things—millions more'n they've got here. I don't—"

"Lette!" There was a finality in the word; there was also an expressive decision in the grasp of her arm. With swift skill Mrs. Penfield pushed her through the curious crowd, out of the store, to the comparative seclusion of a cross street.

"Lette," she said sadly, "I'm ashamed of you, making a scene that way. I thought you were—"

"Oh, Penzie," interrupted the child, "I'm awful sorry. But I got so full, thinking, seemed as if I'd burst. I had to let her out, I got so dang'rous inside. All them things!" Her voice was freighted with suppressed rebellion. "Why, Crink and Thad would be tickled—"

"No, Lette," interposed Mrs. Penfield, as they went on slowly, "they wouldn't be one mite happier. Land, the world won't never fixed up so unfair as that. 'Ain't the folks that have things that's happy? It's the folks that know they don't want things. When you get a little older, you'll see that the reason rich folks are unhappy is 'cause they got things; and the reason poor folks are unhappy is 'cause they want things. When folks get through twining their heart strings and their thoughts around things, then the world'll be miles nearer bliss than it is

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* just to protect the coming generations. Do not be deceived. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

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now.

Lette's black eyes were wide with reproach. "Why, Penzie, you don't mean that Crink and Thad wouldn't like some of those?"

"Goodness, no, I don't mean they wouldn't like 'em; but I mean they'd be just as happy without 'em if you don't go and stir 'em all up with thoughts that you've twisted in your own head. Christmas ain't presents, it's feelings. And there's one thing you ought to keep in mind: It's a waste of good food to board any girl if there ain't at least two other folks happier 'cause she's living."

Lette's face changed; a smile chased across her face. "I get you," she nodded. "It's up to me to do something."

"Yes, Lette, dear, it's up to you right now, today."

"Ain't I the limit?" cried Lette in disgust. "All this forgetting what I'm trying to remember! Gee, I know I'm lucky. I'll show you, Penzie; how 'est, I will."

It was long past lunch time when Crink returned with the tree, and he tried many hours before he accomplished a base that would support it in a corner of the living room. But no sooner was the fragrant fir in place than every little Penfield felt that Christmas was an assured fact.

Lette meantime was making picture puzzles—mounting illustrations from Westernstone magazines on paste-board from old boxes and cutting them into fantastic shapes. Each puzzle was put in an envelope and inscribed with the name of a Custard Cup tenant who would be a guest at the party.

By the following evening the preparations had taken a different turn. Everybody gathered about the table in the living room to make blots. The blotting paper was cut into uniform pieces. Lette's ink bottles had been brought out, and a few drops of ink, both black and red, were shaken from a pen on each paper, which was then rubbed once and smoothed flat. The resulting blots took varied, interesting forms, some of which were touched up slightly into clearer outlines.

Uncle Jerry was the umpire interpreter of these blot pictures. Personal pride, the only neighbor invited to the ceremony—and that because of her artistic abilities—thereupon composed a complete embodying the idea and wrote it in beautiful letters beneath the blot. The rest of the manila envelopes were used to inclose these gifts.

Lette's keen gaze soon discovered that the processes of interpreting and composing led to whispered conferences and much laughter that was not shared with the family; also that Uncle Jerry's eyes were more twinkly than ever, and that Miss Haggood's cheeks grew pink and plumper.

Lette leaned confidentially across the table. "Say, Miss Haggood," she inquired pleasantly, "are you having a pretty good time?"

"Lette, 'tend to your blots," put in Mrs. Penfield firmly.

"Team." Lette subsided, but with the vague feeling that her geniality had not been received in the right spirit.

(To be continued)

Why Women Fail as Spies.
"Women do not make good spies," said Sir Basil Thompson, former head of the British secret service, speaking at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. The real reason is that the woman's eye gets compunction at just the wrong moment. She has obtained information from some one who should not have given it to her, and then when she should pass it along she feels it would be unfair to her informant and withholds it."

The speaker said that there is the greatest difference between the patriotic spy and the hiring spy. None of the former type was executed by the British during the war, he said, but 11 of the latter, all men, forfeited their lives.—New York Herald.

COLOR FOR HOSPITAL WALLS

New York Institution Has Adopted New Idea Which Would Seem to Have Advantages.

The modern hospital has been made about as sanitary, cheerful and uncomfortable looking as it is possible to make it with the aid of white radiated ceilings, gilded walls, and white enameled iron furniture. In the new Fifth Avenue hospital all this is changed. The walls are delicately tinted in French gray, buff or tan, and the furniture is what we would find in a modern hotel. A great deal of the horror of a hospital is brought about by the idea of being wheeled into an immense operating room, with nothing but operating tables, knives and saws, which are not calculated to attract attention from their own blis, and the patient usually remains in terror until the anesthetic has done its work; but at the Fifth Avenue hospital the patient is taken into an anesthetizing room which resembles a small parlor. It is attractively furnished, and even has a rug on the floor, and there are curtains at the windows. "This new hospital has many interesting details; for example, suites of offices are provided for physicians at the hospital, so that they can see their private patients just the same as they would in their own office, thus being able to keep in touch with the other patients in the hospital. This office enables the physicians to take advantage of the diagnostic facilities of the hospital for their private patients.—Scientific American.

SINGING AFFECTS THE INSANE

Tired Brains and Irritated Nerves Said to Be Soothed by Music and the Human Voice.

Experiments are being tried at the New York State Hospital for Insane on Ward's Island with the human voice, and physicians and attendants say that there is evidence that tired brains are rested and irritated nerves soothed by song. Theories evolved from studying "reactions" of insane patients prove that vocal music has a more powerful influence over the average insane person than instrumental.

A series of concerts is to be given at the hospital and results will be carefully watched to determine just what measure of relief is given. Music has been used for this purpose in Germany with great success for many years, and the alienists are able to say what kinds of music have the proper effect upon individual cases. The soprano voice is said to be most beneficial to cases of acute melancholia.

The tenor voice, high and clear, has the best effect on persons having softening of the brain, while the deep, rich tones of the baritone affect particularly paranoiacs. It is a mystery yet to be explained by science why a mind unbalanced is abnormally sensitive to musical vibrations. A professional pianist in Russia, trying piano solos on patients, found that "jazz" was positively harmful, while soft, soothing, restful music would quiet the most violent.

He Knew Him When—

There is one Delirious who had an opportunity to study at close range the new Japanese ambassador, long before Mr. Hanihara thought he would represent his country in the United States. During the settling of the Russian-Japanese peace, at Portsmouth, N. H., in 1905, Harry H. Cooper, of the Hotel Teller, represented the Postal Telegraph company at the Kittery naval station. He had charge of all the Japanese official cable dispatches. Mr. Hanihara, the social and, originally, the general secretary for the Japanese peace embassy, when he was in the United States, was in this corner. He was a tall, thin, dark man, with a serious, almost stern, expression. He was a good friend of the late Mr. Hanihara, and he was a good friend of the late Mr. Hanihara.

Special Bargains

Fall and Winter Woolens.

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic fabrics at 60 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our new Spring and Summer styles, which will arrive about Feb. 26. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

184 Thames Street

NEWPORT, R. I.

COLD LIGHT NOT UNUSUAL

Nature Has Produced It, but Scientists Admit It Has Been Beyond Their Powers.

Prof. E. Newton Harvey of Princeton, who published a book on cold light in 1920 and who is continuing his studies, is not yet ready to admit that science has made much progress in that direction, remarks the Indianapolis News. Science knows that some bacteria, insects and fish give off a light that has practically no heat. Getting enough of this material to determine its composition, and then to manufacture it is a dream of everyone connected with such investigations, but so far the experiments have not been successful. Fireflies, squids that generate a pale blue light, and other creatures that are luminous at night are under examination. Professor Harvey went to Japan, where he studied fireflies by thousands. There he found a small crablike form, about one-eighth of an inch long, with a bluish valve something like a clam. This sea creature, called cypridina, has a large gland near its mouth which serves as the generating station for a cold bluish light. Professor Harvey also found a luminous centipede, but most of his attention has been given to cypridina, of which he brought home specimens to be used in further experiments. He crushed hundreds of dried cypridina in a mortar. When water was added a bluish light was seen. Tests with a delicate thermometer showed a rise in temperature of less than one-thousandth of a degree. Here was a substance that gave light with practically no heat. As yet Professor Harvey has been unable to determine its chemical content. Other investigators also have failed to solve the problem. Discovery of a way to make cold light would have tremendous commercial possibilities.

RESPONDED AT WRONG TIME

Embarrassed Bridegroom Probably Heard Something Later From the Girl of His Heart.

The groom was embarrassed; the bride was self-possessed. "If it were only over," he whispered, excitedly. "I know I'll do it wrong." "It won't take long, dearie," she answered, consolingly. "You haven't much to say."

Suddenly there came to the ears of the groom the voice of the minister, saying "Kindly change places with the bride."

The groom tried to do so, but stepped on the toe of her shoe, and raising his arm, caught his cuff button in her veil. "Do be careful," she implored.

The minister began the ceremony. The groom grew more and more embarrassed and fumbled with the rose of the bride's bouquet. Then he put his hand into his pocket and pulling out his handkerchief excitedly mopped his brow.

The church was silent save for the voice of the minister.

"If any person knows any just reason," he said, "why these two should not be joined together, let him now speak or forever—"

"I will!" shouted the groom.—Philadelphia Ledger.

GROW SOY BEANS WITH CORN

Amount of Protein Is Increased and Combination Is Valuable for Haggling Off.

Soy beans grown with corn increases the amount of protein in the crop. This is generally valuable because corn lacks sufficient protein for most kinds of stock. It pays to plant a few pounds of soy beans per acre. In corn to be hogged off, it would add very little to the value of shelled soy because the soy beans would be likely to lose most of their protein before cutting.

It Grew—All Right!—and Romance Does Strange Starting Grounds.—For instance, a reporter for the News was walking through the station and saw a porter haggling some one out of the back of a young man who in turn gave him a dollar for the favor.

"That's right," he said to the reporter, and then pointed to his bucket of dirty water. "It started right here in this old bucket a few weeks ago." Then he explained. "He had been mopping the floor of the station when the young man stumbled against the bucket, spilled the water and ran into a strange girl. Acquaintance, love and the wedding followed. So satisfied with his bride was he that the young fellow wanted to pay the porter who played a part in the romance. Indianapolis News.

The Mercury.

Published by Mercury Publishing Co.

Telephone 1514

Saturday, April 7, 1923

The month of March 1923 will go down in history as one of the coldest and most disagreeable months in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Let us hope the weather man has something better in store for us in the near future.

Providence is rejoicing that fifty-four conventions are slated for that city this year. Many of these are from within the state. Twenty-nine come from out of the state. The city is still handicapped from the fact that there are no halls in the city big enough to accommodate large conventions.

The state prohibition director of New York promises to make that city as dry as Sahara and that even a camel will feel at home there. He has quite a contract on hand. It is no easy matter to appease a New Yorker's thirst, and as long as that thirst lasts some way will be found to temporarily quench it.

The report says two hundred thousand fashion mongers paraded and shivered at Atlantic City last Sunday. That was the condition of things everywhere. Without doubt last Sunday was the coldest Easter throughout the North, and likewise in much of the South, ever recorded by the "oldest inhabitant" or the weather bureau either.

Many Western politicians have now started a movement to drop Vice President Coolidge and make Col. Theodore Roosevelt Harding's running mate in 1924. There is no particular objection to Roosevelt when his proper time comes, but the people of New England will not permit a man like Coolidge to be sidetracked without a struggle.

"Be kind to animals" week begins next Monday and concludes the following Sunday with special services in all the churches. This is in Massachusetts, but should be observed everywhere. Gov. Cox asks the people of his state to honor the memory of George Thorndike Angell during that week. Angell was the father of most of the societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

The Chicagoites elected a Democratic mayor on Tuesday by a majority of 103,748. That party swept the city from end to end. Not a single Republican city official was chosen. At the same time the Republicans had a grain of consolation from the fact that a Republican Congressman was chosen in the second district to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Congressman James R. Mann.

The world's sugar crop this year is placed at 20,450,000 tons, which ought to supply sweetening to quite a number of families. The amount of sugar in the world makes it evident that nothing but speculation makes the price so high to the consumer. The President should not permit a moment's delay in causing a thorough investigation of the recent rise in this commodity. Sugar is essential to every household in the land. The poor as well as the rich must have it; and the speculation to put up the price is but little better than highway robbery.

Gen. George W. Goethals, who was for a time State Fuel Administrator for New York, says that the people of the United States have been frozen, goaded by extortionate prices, and suffered from unequal division of fuel supplies because there wasn't enough courage in official Washington to dictate to the coal barons of Pennsylvania. He claims that Pennsylvania, the chief coal producing state, through its financial, railroad and political combines, has taxed its neighbors and soaked the Nation generally. Gen. Goethals is an outspoken man, and generally hits the nail on the head. We wish we had more men like him in public life.

Secretary Davis, of President Harding's cabinet, sees prosperity ahead. He says, with the exercise of ordinary caution we shall have "a continued period of substantial prosperity that will put behind us the whole era of depression which followed the war." He further says that there will be an abundant supply of coal for all next fall, and that the price will be more nearly normal than it has been this winter. Let us hope that he is not a false prophet. He cites many instances to prove his statements. He says that one year ago there were one million people out of employment; today that number is reduced to normal; the unfilled steel orders, which he regards as an indication of prosperity, are today more than double those of a year ago. He names any other large industries that show big increases in business to prove that as a whole the country is rapidly on the upgrade.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY

The senate has been a veritable bear garden this week, with Senator Peckham of Middletown the principal object of attack; all because he declined to call the committee on special legislation together and report out the Democrats' pet measures, the calling of a constitutional convention, and the bill restricting the senate, so as to give the control of that body to one small section of the state, and wiping out the country towns. The senator from Newport and the senator from Providence heaped upon the head of the Middletown senator all the vile words in their vocabulary of epithets, which was and is very extensive. The Middletown senator, being of a vigorous constitution, survived the attack without the aid of a physician. That was all in the senate for Tuesday. The house passed the act creating the office of fourth assistant attorney general, also an act authorizing the City of Newport to exempt from taxation certain manufacturing property for a period of ten years; also an act assessing a three-cent tax on all taxable property of the state for the years 1924, 1925 and 1926, amounting to \$1,000,000, to meet the government appropriation for building roads in the state; also an act authorizing a bond issue of \$500,000 for bridge construction in the state; also an act making Lawton avenue in Tiverton a part of the state highway system; also an act appropriating \$380,000 for the completion of the Army or Mounted Commands in Providence. Wednesday, Democratic filibuster of seven weeks' duration, continued, no public business transacted. The Lieutenant Governor rules the senate like a Russian despot. He refuses to recognize Republican senators; delivers a lecture of condemnation to Senators Sanderson, Sherman and Peckham, the Republican leaders; tears up motions made in writing; according to rules; tells Senator Sanderson that he cannot speak for the day; accuses the senator from Warren of coming into the senate drunk; and declares the next time he will put him out if he has to order out the militia to do it. That's all in the senate for that day. In the house numerous reports were made by committees. The act making an appropriation of \$20,000 for reconstruction of state roads in Tiverton was passed, with the proviso that the town appropriate an equal amount. A favorable report was made of the act allowing the town of Middletown to erect and maintain hydrants in the public highways or the town.

Thursday, same report. Democrats continue their filibuster in the senate. No business transacted, and so ends the 14th week of the session, with nothing done. Only four more days remain in which the members can draw pay and mileage. A special session is inevitable. When such a session is called, the members will be compelled to work for nothing. Perhaps then they will be willing to do business. The proceedings thus far in the senate have been a disgrace to the state.

PRESIDENT HARDING A RUSY MAN

Secretary Davis says President Harding is too busy serving the nation to "bother his head over much about the politics of 1924." He further says:

"President Harding is probably the poorest advertiser in the United States today. The smallest corner grocer in Boston could undoubtedly beat him at the game of getting himself 'sold,' as they call it, to the public."

"This is not the time of our old and respected friend, Theodore Roosevelt, who had the faculty of letting folks know what he was doing, and how fast he was doing it."

"President Harding is an indefatigable worker, and he accomplishes tremendous results. He is a plain, business-like individual, with a genius for stabilizing things. He is not the man to do his work to the tune of a brass band. I have often urged him to let the people know the seriousness of the tasks confronting him and the steps he has taken and is taking to perform them, for I know something of the value of publicity. But he has insisted that the work will speak for itself, and the people will find the things out."

UNCLE SAM'S PENSIONERS

Here are some interesting figures from the American Legion Weekly: The number of pensioners on the rolls June 30, 1922, was 547,086. Of this number 193,381 were Civil War veterans, 272,192 Civil War widows; 45,955 were veterans of the Spanish War and 9,158 widows of Spanish War veterans. There were 73 soldiers drawing pensions for service in the Mexican War, and 43 widows of soldiers of the War of 1812. The number of Civil War veterans is rapidly diminishing. \$4,908,250 less was paid for pensions last year than in the year previous. When we think that it was just 53 years ago this month that the Civil War ended the wonder is that nearly two hundred thousand Union participants are still among the living. There are but few left in Newport.

Fifty years ago this June the first postal cards arrived in this city. The supply was speedily disposed of.

FIRE RECORD

The past winter has been the season of great fires in all parts of the country, but New England has suffered the most. A short time ago the great fire in Shepard's in Providence caused the loss of several millions of dollars. Last week was the big fire at Nantasket Beach, which destroyed Paragon Park and many surrounding buildings. In this week's Monday papers there was a record of nearly twenty fires. The town of Mars Hill, Maine, was nearly wiped out, loss \$115,000; Catholic church in Norwichtown, Conn., burned, loss \$60,000; fire in St. Johnsbury destroyed several buildings, loss \$25,000; two factories in Rutland, Vt., burned, loss \$75,000; house burned in Methuen, Mass., small fire in Lowell, Mass., caused the death of a man; a lady in Cambridge seriously burned when her house caught fire; fire department in Attleboro, Mass., called out five times on Sunday, April 1st; house and barn burned in Surrey, N. H., and considerable other property destroyed. These are a few of the reports in Monday morning's papers and is about in accordance with the weekly reports all winter. It would seem that this has been a winter of fires, still it does not surpass many other winters in past years. The Mercury of June 14, 1873, fifty years ago, has the following to say of fires of that date:

"Everywhere the country is suffering from great fires, in fact it seems to be the era of conflagrations. Fifty great fires within a month, with a loss of about eight millions, and on Monday the Alexandria Palace on Monday was destroyed, with a loss of three millions."

Shortly previous to that time were the great Chicago and Boston fires, that were destructive of more property than any that have happened since that date. So it would seem that this year is no different from many that have gone before.

SULLIVANVILLE

It has been suggested in some quarters that the name of this burgh be changed to Sullivanville. In point of numbers and official positions held by persons of that name, the suggestion will bear considering. In the last city directory there are names of nearly five hundred and fifty Sullivans; in the last Newport tax list, which the city was not too poor to print, there are the names of some 270 Sullivans as tax payers. There are more now. In city and national affairs we have a Sullivan for Mayor, for Postmaster, for Street Commissioner, for Judge of Probate, for City Solicitor, for Commissioner of Wrecks, for Packers of Fish, for member of board of health, for Examiner of Plumbing, for member of School Committee, for Sealer of Weights and Measures, four of them on Weighers of Coal, etc., and four of the name on the police force, and there are seven of them in the representative council. We doubt if there are many towns or cities that can boast of that number of persons of one name on the office holding list. The Sullivans of Newport have very generally filled the various positions to which they have been chosen to the satisfaction of the people.

In the General Assembly, strange as it may seem, there are no Sullivans in the senate and but one in the house. Among the numerous and ever increasing number of state officials, the name of Sullivan rarely occurs.

Western grain shippers to Boston and the East have run up against more trouble. Many of the big grain cars from the West are so big that they will not go through the Hoosac Tunnel; the result is that these cars have to be cut out of the train, sent up to Bellows Falls and back again to Deerfield, making some seventy miles extra travel.

The Providence Journal of Wednesday reports a record of thirteen fire alarms in that city the day before. The firemen earned their salary that day.

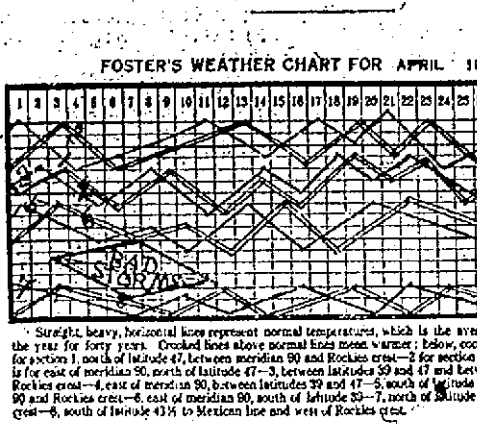
WEEKLY CALENDAR APRIL 1923

SUNDAY		MONDAY		TUESDAY		WEDNESDAY		THURSDAY		FRIDAY		SATURDAY	
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10

Deaths.

In this city, 21st ult., Job A. Peckham, in his 85th year.
In this city, 21st ult., William A. Myron, in his 51st year.
In this city, 21st ult., Charles F. Nordstrom, in his 61st year.
In this city, 21st ult., Viktor Sahlin, aged 3 years.
In this city 1st inst., Michael Morley.
In this city, 2d inst., Lillian Auburn, wife of General John H. Wetherell, in her 64th year.
In this city, 4th inst., William S. Hazard, in his 70th year.
In Boston 2nd inst., Emma Tobin, of 293 Broadway this city.
In Providence, 1st inst., Mrs. John (Tallma) Quinn, wife of John Quinn, in her 65th year.
In Providence, April 5, Mary Virginia Snow.
In Edgewood, R. I., March 31st, Abby Monroe, widow of William Henry Thompson.
April 2d, 1923, at the Homestead, Narragansett Pier, Mary King Brooks, widow of the late Thomas G. Brooks, and sister of the late Charles T. Brooks, in her 93d year.

FOSTER'S WEATHER BULLETIN



BLOCK ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent)
The last week in March the Home Demonstration Agent and the State Leader, Mrs. Hope Brown Minor, made the annual spring pilgrimage to Block Island. Varied has been the subject matters the Extension workers have brought with them on former trips, as was conservation in canning and other cooking, thrift finishes in clothing, dress, form demonstrations, home nursing, first aid, baby care and millinery. This year again they brought treasure in the person of Mrs. Gertrude Hasbrouck, a prominent social hygiene worker. Mrs. Hasbrouck is a native of Rhode Island, a doctor's wife and a trained nurse. She has lectured all over the nation and is associated with a great many of the associations for the betterment of public health. At three meetings she addressed the women. The subjects were "Health Facts Every Mother Should Know," "Six Facts Every Woman Should Know" and a question box at the final meeting. Through Miss Isabelle Gillespie, superintendent of schools, we were invited to speak to the children. Mrs. Hasbrouck spoke on nutrition and dental hygiene. She held a separate meeting with the teachers, taking up the teaching of health. It is a source of regret that all the women of the county could not have the privilege of hearing Mrs. Hasbrouck. Her delivery is splendid, her facts sound and based on the latest available information. Mrs. Knott spoke to the women on Clothing Hygiene and gave a brief talk on spring millinery hints. This was followed by an organization meeting conducted by the Island Chamber, Miss Gertrude Mott. The Community Committee elected to represent their districts for the ensuing year are: Miss Gertrude Mott, chairman; Mrs. Edward Ball, Mrs. Eugene Ball, Mrs. Francis White and Mrs. Clarence Lewis. The last of October was set as a tentative date for the next group of meetings.

Easter Concerts

At the First Baptist Church the following Easter concert was given by the young folks:
Song—Responsive Reading—Rev. Horace A. Roberts
Prayer—Harry Rose
Recitation—By Four Girls
Exercise—Miss Betsey Littlefield
Solo—Clayton Willis
Recitation—Hope Arnold
Recitation—Little Pussy Willow—By Four Boys
Song—Welcome to Springtime

School—Clarence Dodge
Recitation—Bergonetta Burgess
Recitation—Dorothy Cahoon
Song—Hope Arnold and Edith Herbert Thomas
Recitation—Primary Class
Recitation—Harold Rose
Song—Lillies of Easter—School
Recitation—Frederick Rose
Recitation—Adelbert Willis
Offering—Exercise—By Five Girls of Sunshine Class
Recitation—Beatrice Littlefield
Recitation—Justin Thomas
Recitation—Nicholas Ball, Jr.
Solo and Chorus—Madeline Thomas
Recitation—Clara Westcott
Recitation—Effie Ball
Recitation—Albert Northup
Enblematic Tableau—The Cross
Song—The Old Rugged Cross
George Jarvis
Committee: Mrs. Venie Willis, Mrs. Grace McLaren, Mrs. Winifred Arnold, Mrs. Norman Dodge, Mrs. Curtis Sprague.

Free Baptist Church
Singing—Choir and Congregation
Prayer—Pastor, Rev. L. B. Rose
Address—Nellie E. Mitchell
Recitation—Robert Rose
Song—Low in the Grave He Lay—Fred Jones and Choir
Address—Mrs. Gertrude Allen
Recitation—Three Easter Wishes—Albert Harvey
Song—Recitation—Easter and Spring—School
Recitation—Alice Ball
Recitation—Louisa Hackley

Quartette—Dixie
Victor Haire, Lester Littlefield, Loyal Willis, Fred Frank
Solo—Asleep in the Bath Tub—Lester Littlefield
Immission—Doris Mitchell and Ella Lockwood
Piano Duet—Doris Mitchell and Ella Lockwood
Sketch—The Time Table—Eleanor Torrey and Loyal Willis
Tableau—Salvation Lassie—With Solo by Fred Frank
Tableau—The End of a Perfect Day—Rev. Alice Haire, Fred Frank, Vera and Silas Littlefield

Solo—Victor Haire
Chorus—Old Folks at Home—Sunshine League
Star Spangled Banner—Audience

TOWN OF NEW SHOREHAM

An Albany senator in the New York legislature wants election days announced by the ringing of all the church and fire alarm bells in the city, and he has introduced a resolution to that effect. The senator is a doctor, and he says he offered the bill both as a prescription and a stimulant for better citizenship. It may be a little difficult for a layman to see where his reasoning applies.

The Massachusetts house of representatives, on Tuesday killed the bill to abolish daylight saving, by a vote of 90 to 42. That action assures daylight saving time in that state for another year. The New York legislature has taken similar action.

The undersigned wishes to give notice that he will take legal means of collecting all unpaid taxes for the years 1921 and 1922, unless same are paid on or before March 5, 1923.

LESLIE H. DODGE,

Tax Collector

DOUGHT NOT TO PASS

There is one bill now before the General Assembly that ought not, under any circumstances, to become a law; and that is the measure increasing the salary of the Lieutenant Governor to \$4,000 annually. That official has absolutely nothing to do except to preside over the senate when in session, if he wishes to do so, if not, there is a president pro tem that will preside for him. For this he draws at the present time \$1500 a year, which is all the position is entitled to. The only other duty devolving on the Lieutenant Governor is to wait for the Governor to die. In that case he succeeds automatically to the office of Governor, and likewise to the salary of \$8000 a year. And, by the way, there are but seven of the 48 states that pay their Governor a larger salary than does little Rhode Island. It was a liberal waste of money making the Governor's salary so large, and now to thrice the salary of the Lieutenant Governor is but little better than highway robbery. This does not apply to the present occupant of that office, for the bill, if passed, does not go into effect until after the next election.

THE MILK QUESTION

Many a frugal housewife sighs for the days of not long ago when the farmer on the island brought the milk directly from the cow to the family and charged six cents a quart for it. This milk after standing a short time produced a nice yellow cream which was much appreciated by the family. Now the milk has to all pass through the middle man who must have his profit, consequently the housewife aforesaid pays fifteen cents a quart for a milk of poorer quality than that for which she used to pay six. The cream is all gone, and the housewife will tell you the milk is not better. There are some lines of so-called progress that the public does not appreciate, and this pasteurized milk business is one of them.

Our neighboring state of Connecticut, the land of steady habits and woe, doesn't like to get up early in the summer, so its legislature has passed a bill imposing a fine of \$100 or 10 days' imprisonment for anyone who adopts any but the so-called standard time, which boiled down means railroad time. In fact, they go so far as to declare that this act applies to wrist watches. Our fashionable friends who ornament themselves with the aforementioned timepieces will do well to "watch out" while passing through that state, and keep the watch in.

Commissioner of Education Walter E. Ruggie has issued his fifteenth annual program of patriotic exercises in the schools of the state in observance of the one hundred and forty-seventh anniversary of Rhode Island Independence Day, May 4, 1923. As usual the little pamphlet is filled to the brim with interesting patriotic matter. Considerable space is devoted to Rhode Island's great Revolutionary hero, General Nathaniel Greene, who was second only to Gen. Greene was written by Charles Carroll, LL. B., of Providence.

The railroads of the country are making a vigorous protest against the order of the Interstate Commerce Commission that on May 1 they shall issue to the travelling public interchangeable mileage books at a 20 per cent reduction from their regular rates. They claim that the reduction would cause a loss to the roads of thirty million dollars. As the prices are now at least 50 per cent above the price a few years ago, a 20 per cent reduction would be very acceptable to the travelling public.

They have had some snow up around Lake Winnepesaukee this winter. An owner of a cottage at the foot of the Lake went up to view the premises a few days ago and found the cottage, chimney and all, buried in the snow, in fact the snow was nearly a foot above the chimney. The report says they could walk from roof to roof on the snow. That universal individual, "the oldest inhabitant," says he never saw so much before.

The Mercury of June 14, 1873, says: "It has at last been decided by the denizens of the 'Hub' that 'Porgies' and 'Scup' are one and the same. The Boston party who ordered Porgies of Peter Lee, of this city, and sent back the scup when he forwarded them has acknowledged his error and promised to do the fair thing."

Seventeen women claim a Civil War veteran as their husband. He is now held prisoner at Wilkes Barre, Pa. The last claimant is a Connecticut woman to whom he proposed a second time, having forgotten that he had married her some years ago under another name.

A man has just arrived in New York who has crossed the ocean 211 times. That beats our friend, Colonel Honey's trips by a large majority. This gentleman is 83 years old, and apparently has spent much of his life on the briny deep.

MISS ALETTA TURNER

Pretty Girl Who Was
Queen of Big Carnival



Miss Aletha Turner, who was elected by an overwhelming majority as queen of the carnival in Mobile, Ala.

HALF MILLION FACE

EXILE FROM RUHR

France Notifies Strikers' Expulsion Will Follow Refusal to Work; To Shift Families.

Essen.—A proclamation by General Degoutte, commander in chief of the occupational forces, ordering all striking railroad officials and trainmen to resume work under the penalty of expulsion was posted throughout the Ruhr and Rhineland.

The order affects 600,000 Germans, as the families of those refusing to return to their posts will accompany them into nonoccupied Germany. About 125,000 men come directly under the order.

All the Ruhr Rhineland railway systems now are held by the French and Belgians, except the line in the Cologne zone bridgehead, which is in the hands of the British. The Germans have continued at work on this system.

The task of expelling the strikers and their families will require several weeks. Special train arrangements will have to be made for conveying the families of the men to the frontier.

It is said the German government has anticipated the expulsion order and made arrangements for distributing the men and their families throughout various sections of the country. The men are to be given work by the government wherever this is feasible.

Under a decree by the Inter-Allied Rhineland Committee the railway workers were notified a week ago by the French that those who refused to serve under the French and Belgians would be expelled from occupied territory during the first week of April. It is said that 1,313 Germans have agreed to return to work.

The sum of 368,000,000,000 marks has been sent into occupied territory up to date by the Berlin government for the striking railwaymen and those who have been prominent in passive resistance, although not on strike.

WORLD'S NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM.

NEW YORK.—Menace of war hangs over the world, says Lord Robert Cecil in his first address on the League of Nations.

STOCKTON, Cal.—Walter G. Hunter, assistant state highway engineer and prominent Stockton resident and sportsman, was killed during a game of golf at the Country Club when he was struck by lightning.

WARREN, Me.—Ralph Wyllie, a milkman, claimed to have established a new Knox County record when he visited his customers on runners for the one hundred and twenty-third consecutive day.

GARY, Ind.—Fifty-five defendants, including high officials, found guilty in liquor case.

SOFIA, Bulgaria.—The Supreme Court has sentenced to life imprisonment six members of the Radoslavoff Cabinet, which held office at the time of Bulgaria's entry into the European war.

MARION, Ohio.—Illegal liquor peddlers in Marion are leaving town or are in hiding as it develops that a mysterious woman, who is said to be using the telephone and the radio to tip off the authorities, is leading a campaign against bootleggers.

PARIS.—Shopgirls, workmen and common people of France made a pilgrimage to the little shrine in Pere Lechaise, where their beloved Sarah Bernhardt lies buried.

ROME.—Queen Helena is supervising preparations for Princess Yolanda's wedding on April 9 to Count Carlo Calvi di Bello.

TRIPOLI.—Thirty-three were killed and many wounded in the latest clashes between Italian troops and Arabian rebels. The Tripoli colonial war started when Italian forces tried to wrest the hinterland from native chiefs.

A bill providing for the removal from office of dishonest mayors will probably be reported by the cities committee in the near future. The bill, introduced by Senator Rice of Newton, Mass., gives the governor and council the power of removal, but a subcommittee advises transferring the authority to the supreme court.

PUT GREEK RELIEF UP TO POWERS

U. S. Red Cross Ends Aid Hughes Tells Great Britain, France, Greece and Italy.

REFUGEE SITUATION SERIOUS

Secretary of State Suggests Alliance to Take Up Work—Would Absorb Refugees in Normal Life of Where They Now Are.

Washington.—Secretary Hughes has informed the British, French, Italian and Greek governments, in identical notes handed their representatives in Washington, that the American Red Cross will terminate its emergency relief work in Greece on June 30 next. The note declared that solution of the relief problem in the Near East "can hardly lie in measures of temporary relief alone" and suggested a co-operative agreement which would make it possible for the thousands of refugees "to be absorbed into the normal economic life of the country where they find themselves."

In the event the British, French and Italian governments are disposed to consider a co-operative endeavor, Mr. Hughes said, the Washington government will welcome the early exchange of views. He said that "if a constructive plan" could be agreed upon and the relief task was apportioned, "American relief agencies will be ready to co-operate, even after the termination of the emergency relief work of the American Red Cross" in June.

The Near East Relief was said to be prepared to continue child welfare work, including the support of 45,000 wholly dependent orphans now in its charge in the Caucasus, Greece, Syria and elsewhere. Secretary Hughes said that the Near East Relief was, however, anxious to terminate at the earliest possible moment the emergency relief to adult refugees, of whom approximately 109,000 now are receiving assistance from that organization.

In a summary of the note, made public, Secretary Hughes said the problem presented by the evacuation to Greek territory of almost 1,000,000 refugees has appealed to the humanitarian sentiment of all countries, and has severely taxed the resources of the relief organizations, supported in their work by the generosity and initiative of the governments and peoples of many countries.

"Deeply affected by the sufferings of refugees in the Near East," the statement said, "the American people, through the agencies of the American Red Cross and Near East Relief, have been participating in relief work organized to meet the emergencies which have arisen in the Near East during the last few years, and particularly to help to alleviate the acute suffering which followed the recent mass evacuations."

Relief work by the two American agencies, the statement added, "was started immediately after the fall of Smyrna, the Red Cross assuming responsibility for the work in Greece while the Near East Relief cared for refugees in Turkey. In the last five months the Red Cross has provided for approximately 869,000 refugees in Greece and western Mediterranean islands, and at the present time more than 500,000 are said to be entirely dependent upon it for food supplies."

"It is clear, however," the statement continued, "that the feeding of great camps of refugees cannot and should not continue indefinitely. The solution of the problem can hardly lie in measures of temporary relief alone, though they are essential to meet an emergency such as recently has arisen in the Near East, but rather in such a disposition of the refugees as will enable them to be absorbed as promptly as possible into the economic life of the country where they find themselves."

The problem of finding permanent homes for the refugees is one which is not within the scope of private relief agencies, the statement said. "It will require the cordial co-operation of the local authorities where the refugees may be situated and of the powers whose territorial and other interests in the Mediterranean area may make it possible for them to assist."

W. R. HEARST'S SON ELOPES

Priest Forced to Provide Witnesses as Couple Forgot Them.

Martinez, Calif.—George Hearst, 21, son of William Randolph Hearst, and Miss Blanche Wilbur, 19, daughter of O. K. Wilbur, of Idaho Falls, Idaho, eloped from the University of California at Berkeley and were married here. The license obtained, the two hurried to St. Catherine's Catholic Church, where the ceremony was performed. The priest provided witnesses.

WOMEN WILL DRIVE TAXIS

Dozen Employed in New York for First Time in This Country.

New York.—Twelve young women will grace the driver's seat of taxicabs in this city within a few days and New York will have the first women chauffeurs actively engaged in that occupation on this side of the Atlantic. This step is being taken to cater especially to female patronage, which hesitates to pay taxicabs driven by men unless accompanied by an escort.

Mrs. Charles T. Talman, prominent in society circles in Worcester, Mass., has received notification that the French government has conferred on her the honor of "Officer d'Académie." The award includes a medal given to those who have received recognition of their work from the French government.

E. S. LUTHER

Famous Political Columnist—Enters Financial Field.



Edward Staats Luther, thirty years legislative correspondent and political columnist for metropolitan dailies at Albany who recently re-entered financial field as president of an industries development corporation.

U. S., JAPAN, ACT FOR OPEN DOOR IN CHINA

Lansing-Ishii Agreement, Negotiated in Secret, Consigned to Diplomatic Discard.

Washington.—Cancellation of the famous Lansing-Ishii agreement of 1917, by which the United States recognized the "special interests" of Japan in China, has been agreed upon and will be announced formally by the two governments at an early date.

Under present plans the official announcement will be made simultaneously in Washington and Tokio as a notice to the world that the United States and Japan have cleared the slate of the last ambiguity in the formal agreements bearing on their relation to the problems of China, and have reached a complete clarity of understanding as to equal opportunity and the open door.

From the day it first was communicated to the Chinese government the agreement now consigned to the diplomatic scrap heap has been a source of controversy and misunderstanding, not only on the part of Chinese statesmen but between the American and Japanese governments themselves.

Negotiated in secrecy, it first was communicated to Peking by the Japanese in a form which was accepted as implying a recognition of Japanese "paramountcy" in China. That interpretation was denied steadfastly by the United States and the dispute over the exact meaning of the document never was settled.

In place of the agreement in the Lansing-Ishii document that "the Government of the United States recognizes that Japan has special interests in China, particularly in the part in which her possessions are contiguous," will stand the language of the Washington treaty, which says:

"The contracting powers agree that they will not seek nor support their respective nationals in seeking any arrangement which might purport to establish in favor of their interests any general superiority of rights."

The full story of how this change of relationship was negotiated is yet to be told.

LATEST EVENTS AT WASHINGTON

Regular Republicans in Congress to fight Progressives' plan to revise tax laws.

Laddie Boy, with a basket of Easter eggs around his neck, entertained Easter Monday for his mistress on the southern White House lawn, while Washington's younger generation indulged in its annual Easter egg rolling frolic.

First reports of the redaction of agricultural paper by Federal Reserve banks for periods of longer than six months as authorized by the new agricultural credits act have reached the Reserve Board.

There is a proposal for world-wide celebration of exchange of Washington conference treaties.

Progressive House group draw up amendments to revenue law to tax securities and stock dividends. Secretary Hoover assigns wave lengths for radio broadcasters to prevent interference.

American churches make greatest membership gains in history with 1,220,428 in last statistical year.

Drastic prohibition enforcement campaign for New York and Pennsylvania has been put into effect after changes in personnel.

Senator Fess urges concurrence of six Supreme Court justices be required before any law can be declared unconstitutional.

Senator La Follette to make extensive summer speaking tour in behalf of progressives and their legislation.

Secretary Hughes asks Department of Justice and Department of Commerce for advice on clause in Shipping Board contracts, that vessels sold to foreign account cannot be used in United States export or import trade in violation of United States laws.

That the time will come when the United States will not raise enough grain to meet its own needs and will be glad to have an accommodating neighbor on the north having no Fordney tariff, was the assertion of Sir George E. Foster, former finance minister of Canada, in an address before the Canadian Club of Boston.

ARREST KRUPP HEADS FOR RIOTS

French Claim German Gun Works' Officials Incited Men to Resist Soldiers.

TROOPS SEEK AUTO TRUCKS

Declare Factory Whistles Are Blown for Long Period During Military's Visit—Riots May Cost Germany Krupp Plant at Essen.

Essen, Germany.—Four directors of the Krupp Works were arrested by the French military authorities on charges of inciting the attack by the German workmen on the troops which culminated in the killing of nine Germans and the wounding of thirty-four others.

The directors arrested were Hartwig, Oesterlin, Bruhn and Ritter. They were taken into custody at their homes in Essen. There has been no announcement made by the French as to when they will be tried.

The casualties occurred when a French lieutenant with eleven men went to the Krupp Works to requisition motor trucks for the French Army. There were only a few cars in the garage at the time, as it appears, the Krupp authorities had a previous intention that the requisitioning was about to be carried out and removed some of them.

The French declare that the sirens at the Krupp Works were blown for more than two hours after the arrival of the French troops at the plant. That, they assert, tended to excite not only the Krupp workmen, but the inhabitants of the surrounding district as well, and they contend that the directors, even if they did not order the sirens blown, could have stopped them.

Director Schaeffer disclaimed any responsibility for the directors for the trouble, declaring: "The sirens are always blown by the men themselves as a first signal or when there is a sign of danger of any kind."

He explained that the German version of the shooting was that the workmen had made no attempt to attack the troops, but stones and sticks, it is admitted, were thrown at the soldiers. Herr Schaeffer denied that the workmen had any arms, so far as he knew, or that the Germans used jets of scalding steam, as the French allege.

"The sirens were sounded as soon as the troops appeared," he continued, "and the 54,000 men of the plant quit work immediately and assembled in the yard and street near the scene of the trouble. One of the first Germans to greet and talk with the French lieutenant in command of the detachment was Saunders, chairman of one of the workmen's councils. The soldiers at this time were already within the garage yard. Meanwhile the workmen assembling nearby were becoming excited, as they learned the French were actually in the yard."

According to the information which has reached Mr. Saunders and the other chairman of the workmen's councils urged the soldiers to go away, as there were only a few automobiles on hand. Saunders suggested that the troops leave by the rear entrance, so as to avoid the crowd that jammed the street. Firing began soon afterward and Saunders was mortally wounded; he was one of the first to fall."

The Germans confirmed the French assertion that the French soldiers fired a warning volley over the workmen's heads, but they contend also that there was no interval between the warning shots and the firing into the crowd; they say the troops merely lowered their rifles and continued shooting to kill. A majority of the killed and wounded, according to the Germans, were young men of nineteen to twenty-five years. One of the killed was an office boy seventeen years of age.

The wounded were removed to the Krupp hospital, three dying overnight, bringing the total dead to nine. The surgeons said that most of the wounded were hit in the head and abdomen and that several others were likely to die. Count Von Boettlen, head of the Krupp plant, visited the hospital and talked with the men.

The Rev. Dr. E. Z. Conrad, speaking at the monthly conference luncheon of the Roosevelt Club, Boston, declared that the world is suffering from flabbiness and inertia, and urged the formation of a new party by the friends and admirers of Roosevelt.

ITCHY BLISTERS ON HANDS LIMBS

Arms and Feet Lost Sleep. Cuticura Heals.

"Blisters broke out on my hands, limbs, arms and feet, and when I scratched water came from them. They itched something terrible and I lost many a night's sleep. My feet were so bad I couldn't put my shoes on, and I could not put my hands in water very much."

"I heard of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. I bought more, and after using them about two weeks I was healed, after suffering for nine months." (Signed) Mrs. E. C. Jay, 25 Cottage St., Providence, R. I.

Give Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum the care of your skin.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: Cuticura Sales Office, Dept. B, P. O. Box 100, Lowell, Mass. Write Soap Co. for Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Cuticura Soap shaves without lather.

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Organized 1819

This bank allows interest at 4 1-2 per cent per annum ON ALL AMOUNTS, payable on the third Saturday of January and July.

Interest begins April 21, 1923.

HOW GREAT WORKS ARE ACCOMPLISHED

Perseverance accomplishes where spasmodic strength often fails.

Persevere in accumulating a reserve fund—begin now—open an account with The Industrial Trust Company.

4 Per Cent Interest paid on Participation Accounts

Money deposited on or before the 15th of any month, draws interest from the 1st of that month.

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Manufacturing Confectioners

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CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECT.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY
INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders Promptly Filled

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

All Goods are Pure Absolutely

PARAGRAPHS FOR THE NEW ENGLANDER

News of General Interest From the Six States

Frank Atkins, 64, died suddenly at West Lincoln, Vt., his home, while digging a grave for a burial that was to take place in a few hours.

Mrs. Emerence Charron of Worcester, Mass., has walked around nearly four months with a broken rib. It was revealed when physicians examined her at a local hospital.

Locked up in an airtight vault of the Stratford Coon. Trust Company, three Bridgeport amateur radio experts reported they had no trouble in receiving time schedules or musical concerts on their radio apparatus.

John J. Martin, former president of the Massachusetts Real Estate Exchange, speaking at a get-together meeting of that organization in Boston declared that it is the real estate owner rich and that it is the agent who has the vision, and courage to show owners what they ought to do. As regards rents of dwellings, he said that they cannot come down. "They are up to stay for many years to come," he said. He blamed the cost of raw material and high wages to labor as the contributing causes.

Appearing before the Vermont public service commission to explain why an increase of from 10 to 15 cents a kilowatt hour should be granted, the Vermont Electric Lighting Company disclosed that it never had filed any rates with the commission, that it never had made annual reports, and that its rates in the past had been discriminatory in that stockholders were allowed to buy power at rather much lower than those charged other users, all of which is contrary to law. It developed that the Vermont Electric Lighting Company was receiving electric current from the Connecticut River Power Company at two and six tenths cents a kilowatt hour, while the lights were being sold at cost to stockholders, at the same time charging other electric power users 11 cents.

Of 12 bills signed by Gov. Proctor of Vermont, one creates the city of Brattleboro and another provides a new state flag. Vermont's new state flag, blue, with the state coat of arms thereon. Another bill signed by the Governor forbids aircraft doing stunts over crowds under penalty of fine and imprisonment, and also prohibits killing animals and birds from the air.

The Massachusetts Department of Public Works, amplifying its order closing a number of highways temporarily to heavy motor truck travel, has issued a list of 50 state roads in the eastern counties upon which trucks which weigh with their loads more than 10,000 pounds will not be permitted to enter beginning April 3. The roads are said to be breaking down under the combination of spring moisture and heavy loads.

A firebug has started a campaign to wipe the village of Middletown, R. I., completely off the map. Within a few weeks he has destroyed by fire one hotel, the Ocean House, the canning factory, six residences, four garages and two summer bungalows. The menace had assumed such proportions that the town clerk called a mass meeting of the citizens to organize against the man, who evidently hates the town for some reason, or is a maniac.

BASEBALL OPENING HOLIDAY

Governor of Oregon Recognizes Game Is Nation's Sport.

Portland, Ore.—In an official proclamation issued from the State Capitol, Governor Pierce declared a half holiday through Oregon on the afternoon of April 17, the date of the opening of the baseball season in Portland.

In making the half holiday proclamation the governor said he had done so with the impression that the game of baseball was America's leading outdoor sport.

TROTZKY GUARDING LENINE

Bars All Except Premier's Wife From Bedside, Riga Hears.

London.—A dispatch to the Times from Riga says it has been learned that Nikolai Lenin, the Russian Premier, is completely under charge of Leon Trotzky, the Minister of War, who bars all persons from the bedside, except Lenin's wife and physicians.

Even Lenin's brother, who came from Livadia, was not allowed to see the patient.

The Luck of Ann-Maria

By MARTHA WILLIAMS

"Ann-Maria-Jump-in-the-Fire, mother wants you! Bad!" Buddy, the Bzelli boy-twin, chanted lustily from the street, craning his neck to see his cousin, who leaned over the balusters of the stairwell, the pattern of frowning discontent.

"What for?" she demanded sullenly. Buddy giggled, then snickered. "I reckon some old thing—ter find out which'n you hate worst—ole Sam Todd, or the poorhouse."

"Then I needn't come—she knows already," Ann-Maria lunged back; "besides, I'm busy. Tell her unless she wants to do without her new black dress for the funeral, she'll have to let me stay by it while it's daylight."

"That'll fetch her! Good and hard," Buddy commented. "She's hell-bent on beatin' black'n nobody else there—and no wonder. Ole Mrs. Sam ain't been dead but three months—and we'll be sorter kin ter him, when you bring him in the family."

Ann-Maria, flustered, writhing, her eyes stormy, her mood murderous. Ever since Old Sam had buried his wife he had paid court to the girl, who leashed him. He was rich—rich as cream, in countryside parlance—rising sixty, with never a chick nor child nor nearer kin than third cousins, to inherit his fortune. A wise young wife could count on twisting him round her fingers. Wise young wife timber abounded—which made it all the more aggravating that he would look at nobody but Ann-Maria.

Her people abetted him outrageously—all but Lem, her aunt's stepson, a reckless fellow, who had wasted his small inheritance from his dead mother upon a college course instead of putting it into something worth while—land, or stock, or business of any sort. Lem had said outright it was shameful—the family's eagerness to sell Ann-Maria to a fat old fool. This was strange, considering that therefore he had hardly noticed the girl in all the years since her mother had died and left her upon Aunt Margaret's hands. He had even grumbled at her occupancy of the small room he wanted for his specimens.

Further, she had made no appeal to him. Indeed, she had appealed to nobody. Shy, silent, proud, she went her own gait, half despairing yet somehow hoping doubly for rescue from this so dreadful fate. She could sew, cook, scrub or mind children, but how and where outside a husband's house would she find it possible thus to earn a living?

"Maybe I'll kill myself when this is finished," she thought bitterly, hounding to set fine silkenery in Aunt Margaret's black cashmere. It would be the newest black frock at the funeral. Poor Mrs. Sam Todd had almost no friends and few kind folks thus to honor her. But her world had been something scandalized by the delay of a proper funeral sermon—all the more that her relief was so obviously bent on consoling himself before his crone husband grew rusty. He had explained that he was waiting for Brother Helman, the minister who had unfitted him in holy matrimony thirty-odd years back.

Then, said the captious, he'd no doubt economize by giving Brother Helman the chance of, and pay for, a second ceremony, besides a round fee for the funeral. Ann-Maria knew all about that—it made her teeth set to recall it, even more than the winks and giggles and coarse insinuations she had to suffer whenever company came—and found Old Sam already established at the Argyle.

Heavens! How she hated him—fat, bald, punchy, pie-eyed—she could not think of him without a violent shudder. He had not proposed outright—was waiting, she knew, until after the great day. Once the funeral service was off his hands, he would ask her to marry him; if she refused, what? "Maybe, I'll have to kill him—hangin' wouldn't be much worse than drownin'," she ruminated. "And then Aunt Margaret even wouldn't have the face to wear black for me—she'd say she'd better put on red—and—black—that's proper mourning for the devil."

The world wore a veil of mild November mist, through which yellow leaves circled lazily down. Ann-Maria looked, outside, then drew a long breath. She could not see far—but a short stretch of open road showed to the left of the gate. A car was stalled there, with two men tinkering it and a dog, a lovely red setter, keeping sedate watch over them from the running board. Presently they both stood up, spoke together apparently, then went off in opposite directions, with Buddy tagging, after the taller of them, whistling as he went.

The maddest impulse stirred in Ann-Maria. The big car gave excellent room for hiding. She had no fear of the guardian setter. Every manner of dog fawned on her at sight. Swiftly, with shaking fingers and burning cheeks she huddled on an old tweed cape, her brown woolen hood, hung other apparel into a rusty grip, snatched her slim purse from the drawer and slipped noiselessly down outside, skirted the shrubbery, and never drew breath until she was safely hidden in the depths of the car with the friendly setter lying snug above her.

Amazingly she slept. Her awakening came mid-afternoon, when the car stopped at a hunting lodge thirty miles away. She might have slept on, in payment for many sleepless nights, if the dog had not refused to leave her and so led to her discovery. The struggling sunshine showed her a piteous, frowny figure, trembling like a leaf, but facing clear-eyed the humbly of sportsmen fronting her. To them she spoke absolute truth—few and brief

sentences—but somehow they brought a choke to more than one throat among her hearers. One among them, tall, ruddy, merry-eyed, said, suppressing a bad word:

"I know about you—Lem Bzelli's little Ann. Why don't he knock this bothering Todd into the middle of next week, even though he's old enough for a grand-daddy?"

"Because he—he—loves him—for that last year at college," Ann-Maria said.

The ruddy one whistled. Then another spoke up: "I call this young woman a special providence. That seconded, Nym Cooney, we depended on to cook for us has gone into robbery and quite acorns the name of work. And Mr. Peebles, our second string, has got rheumatism so bad she can't do a thing. But if she'll stay here at the lodge, why shouldn't Ann-Maria make all of us happy?"

"No reason at all. Carried unaccountably!" the ruddy fellow cried out, thinking in the back of his mind: "I'll send for Lem after a bit, and we'll set him free of Todd—and give them a gallus snid-off in the way of a wedding." The ruddy one had money in both pockets, you see, in addition to one of the best hearts in the world.

He lost it, of course, before the month ended—first to Ann-Maria's hot biscuit, fried chicken and sweet potato, custards, next, to her trim self. For magically she had been furnished with span-new garments, gullible yet dainty, and more becoming than she had ever dreamed clothes could be. Sight of her thus equipped put the first clasp in Jimmy Pell's plan of sending for Lem. Long before the month was up he was so deep in love with the cook it even hurt him to think how tired she must get, stopping so many hungry mouths and keeping everything neat as wax. Jimmy was not the only victim; Ann-Maria had three scapins at her belt before he spoke out. So he knew she didn't take him for lack of other chances—which is a fine omen of their living happily ever after.

PISTOL LOADED FOR WITCHES

Interesting Relic Shows Peculiar Superstition That Prevailed Among Our Colonial Ancestors.

In witchcraft lore silver seems to have been credited with great power to dispense evil spirits. In an old work on the subject one reads of a "valiant soldier who had skill in necromancy," and who always used "silver bullets to shoot away the witches." The evidences of such superstition are brought, directly to the modern eye through the discovery made by a Pennsylvania farmer.

A dealer in curios purchased recently an old musket at a farmhouse sale. From its appearance the weapon undates the Revolution. It was in a deplorable state of rust, and in cleaning it the new owner discovered that it was loaded.

He carefully withdrew the charge, and to his surprise found instead of two bullets, two silver shillings, dated 1781, tightly wedged with leaves of a Bible of ancient print. Beneath the coins was a small lock of hair and a piece of paper containing an illegible quotation. The gunpowder was coarse and undoubtedly of Colonial manufacture. The whole looks very much like a charmed charge, calculated to demolish some weird lady of the broomstick.

Fashions That Never Die.

Once again we have been threatened with the revival of the crinoline; but so far it has failed to "catch on," observes London Answers. While all men and most women refuse to believe that this abomination will ever come back, it might be as well to remember that the crinoline fashion first started in 1830; so for 800 years past it has been cropping up in new forms as a nightmare to the mere man.

"Hocheplis" was its first name, and, of course, it originated in Paris. At first it was merely a device for pulling the skirt around the waist. It came to England as the farthingale, and was made popular by Queen Elizabeth.

In 1711 we hear of "that startling novelty, the hoop petticoat," and in 1744 hoops had reached such an extravagant diameter that one woman took up the space occupied by six men.

Crinolines died right out in 1706 only to be revived again in the middle of the following century.

Artillery Improvement.

Two new instruments, exported to mark a new era in coast-defense gunnery, have been constructed and will soon be installed to direct the fire of the big guns at the defenses of the Panama canal. They are called the target computer and the battery computer, and are directed by two high-powered telescopes located at fixed observation stations, which in turn may receive airplane observations in case the distant enemy is hidden from land view by smoke screens or other causes. The observations are transmitted electrically to the instruments, which make all the computations involved in taking into account the distance, speed and direction of travel of the target, as well as the direction and velocity of the wind, and the characteristics of the shell and powder. —Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Millinery looks alike to more men, especially when two hats of the same color and general contour are seen from the rear. The other day two couples, strangers, boarded a street car at the same corner, and while the shells paid the fare, the sheilas selected seats across the aisle from each other. Then Sheik No. 1 went to join his lady, and sat himself beside the hat he thought she wore. The face under the hat was looking out the window, and nothing was said for a moment. Then he felt a hand on his shoulder, and Sheik No. 2 said, "I guess you've got the wrong seat." Sheik No. 1 and both sheilas blushed furiously, and the passengers roared.—Baltimore News

WAGES ENDLESS WAR ON RODENTS

Modern Pied Piper Rid the Country of 10,000,000 Rats Last Year, by Government Count.

SAYS PESTS ARE ON INCREASE

Theoretically, If Rat Population Increases in Next 100 Years as It Has in Last 15, the Rat Will Destroy Human Race.

Washington.—The modern Pied Piper, J. L. Nicholas, was in town the other day, and he brought the sad news—that rats are on the increase. Even with all the rat-killing campaigns, and with the interest of the public aroused, these pests are flourishing. Rats are being killed by the million, but the surviving mothers, sisters and cousins are energetically offset the tribal losses by building up new and widening family circles.

Mr. Nicholas is not a gloom dispenser. For seven years he has conducted rat-killing campaigns. He has swatted the rat cheerfully and with telling effect. He says that last year he rid the country of 10,000,000 rats, by government count. But the outlook is that, theoretically, if the rat population increases for the next 100 years as it has in the last 15 years, the rat will destroy the human race.

They Are Costly "Pests." Mr. Nicholas says that in 1910 rats in the United States destroyed \$50,000,000 worth of food and other property. In 1916 the amount was \$150,000,000; in 1919, \$300,000,000, and this year rats are expected to do \$1,000,000,000 worth of damage.

And that is not the worst of rats as pests. They are among the most efficient disease carriers that we have. They have taken the bubonic plague all over the world. Their connection with typhoid, scarlet fever, diphtheria, meningitis and tuberculosis is also being investigated. Rats are flea-infested creatures, and that alone makes them both dirty and dangerous. They are pests to be attacked relentlessly.

This modern Pied Piper has no pipe, and he has never tried charming rats with music. But he has studied rat character and intelligence, and he applies his knowledge to bring about the rats' downfall. After hearing Mr. Nicholas talk about their cleverness, it seems likely that rats have changed since the Hamelin town Pied Piper story. The rats of 1281 never hesitated in following magic tune, we are told. But you cannot help fancying that the 1922 rat would merely have snarled impudently at the piper and have wrapped his tail securely about his ears to shut out the dangerous notes.

Mr. Nicholas says that rats distinguish between different colors. If bait is put on a number of papers, some red, some white, and some blue, the rats will eat the food on one kind of paper and will avoid the other colors. Presumably they try one type of food, and if that seems satisfactory they continue to eat as long as it lasts. If they try the bait on blue paper and like that they will ignore the red and white paper and eat only the blue.

Most Cunning of Animals. Rats are the most cunning of animals, Mr. Nicholas says. He tells of a case in which a basement was overrun with rats which were almost tame. One day a trap was set in the basement. A rat ran along the floor directly toward the trap. Suddenly he saw the danger and tried to stop so quickly that he slid on his haunches and caught himself only a few inches from the trap door. He scampered away hastily, and evidently spread the exciting news of the trap, for no more rats came out all afternoon.

That rodents warn one another of danger is further shown by Mr. Nicholas in a story of Lexington market. Several years ago Mr. Nicholas conducted a rat-killing campaign in Baltimore, and cleared this market of 1,500 rats. For a year, which is about six rat generations, there were no more rats in the market. It may be that the survivors told all of their friends about the terrible massacre of the market place. After that the fear wore off, or else the tradition became lost, for the market had to be cleaned out again not long ago.

However the news of danger is spread, it is evident that rats do possess a degree of intelligence which helps them to avoid danger. They are anything but gullible, and this makes the problem of destroying them the more troublesome. They quite often avoid traps. Predatory animals, such as cats and ferrets, cannot as a rule be used to kill them in large numbers. Poison, carefully and properly used, is the most effective means of disposing of them on a wholesale scale.

Mr. Nicholas uses barium carbonate, which is tasteless and odorless. Its action upon rats is slow, so that poisoned animals generally leave a house or barn in search of water, and the small quantities used to bait food for rats are not often sufficient to kill other creatures.

Three Kinds of Bait Used.

The American Pied Piper carries his reasoning about rat intelligence over into his work of poisoning the pests. He knows that rats are suspicious, and so he uses three kinds of bait, perhaps cheese, apples and hamburger steak. The rodents do not seem to be able to suspect danger in as many as three kinds of food at one time.

Because a pet dog tore the seat from his trousers, when he attempted to talk to a baby while delivering milk on his regular rounds, Frank Norton of Falmouth, Me., was awarded damages of \$850 in superior court, in his action against Dr. Stanwood B. Fisher, owner of the dog.

STATE PARK IDEA SPREADING FAST

Movement for Open Play Spaces Has Taken Remarkable Hold Within Past Few Years.

LITTLE KNOWN ABOUT THEM

State Parks Are Pocket Editions of Our Great National Park System—Many Planned to Preserve Historic Places.

What do you know about your state parks?

Washington.—What is a state park? Announcement that the third annual conference of state parks will be held at Turkey Run state park, Indiana, May 7, 8 and 9, gives rise to the question.

You will search most reference books in vain for any information about state parks, an important fact that every thinking American citizen should know," says a bulletin from the National Geographic society, "though there you will find ample mention of national parks and city parks."

"State parks are pocket editions of our great national park system. They are the stop-over places of the motorist."

"They perch on barren peaks and preserve tree-covered lovers' lanes beside running brooks."

"They take in such shrines as Lincoln's birthplace and James Whitecomb Riley's old swimmin' hole."

"They perpetuate far older history than that to be found in history textbooks. Starved Rock park, Illinois, commemorates the time when America's inland was a sea; when the cosmic happenings of millions of years ago deposited the shells and precipitated the lime which formed the magnesian limestone layer of this region. "Prairie Land to Fairyland."

"Iowa invited its citizens to an hour's auto ride from 'prairie land to fairyland'."

"In Wisconsin you can rent an island for \$10 a year."

"State parks save the open play spaces amid dense populations of the East and they keep out encroaching farm lands of the Middle West."

"Rip Van Winkle sought succor in skittles from a shrewish spouse, but the city man today, harried by a hundred worries, can take wife and children for a 48-hours' rest to the hills where Rip retreated."

"If this sounds like rhapsody—that's what state parks still afford to routine-ridden city dwellers."

"Our own parks bear evidence of our new governmental ideal. Originally a park, says Noah Webster, was 'an inclosed piece of ground stocked with beasts of the chase, held by prescription or the king's grant.'"

"Today a park might be defined as 'an inclosed piece of ground stocked with beasts, not to be chased, or killed, held by prescription of the people for their own use.'"

"Nobody knows exactly how many state parks there are in 1923. Two years ago a survey by the national park service showed that 25 states had state parks. The movement has taken such a hold within the last few years that the park area within those states has expanded materially and other states have embarked upon park programs."

"Nagasaki falls in nationally known as scenery, and also as a controversy, but, in the history of the park movement, Nagasaki is a precedent."

"Hartford has a park which is an early example of the best sort of civic publicity and also established a park precedent. Search your memory and see whether you have not forgotten most of the statistics and slogans which greet you upon huge signboards placed along the railway tracks by trade bodies of many enterprising cities. But nobody who has entered Hartford by train, in daylight, is likely to forget the sylvan beauty of Bushnell park, which adjoins the station with the tree-shaded Connecticut capital building set on its central hill."

"Horace Bushnell worked for five years to persuade his neighbors to tax themselves to buy this tract. Thus Bushnell park is a monument marking the first time in history when the people bought a tract with their own money to be used as a public park."

A Reversal of Purpose. "Exactly opposite to the days when feudal barons used a park to keep the public out is the era when the essential element of a park is that King Auld and Sovereign Pedestrian must have easy access. Colorado proclaims that she has a motorist's camp in every town of a thousand or more people. Iowa avers that she has more camp sites per capita than any other state."

"New York, with 40 reservations, comprising 2,000,000 acres, heads the list of states in the extent of her park system."

"Turkey Run state park, Indiana, where the coming conference will be held, is a last stand of the primal forest which once covered practically all the Hoosier state. It is especially rich in the yellow poplar or tulip tree of Indiana, the sycamore and the black walnut. It has a modern hotel, electrically equipped, modern plumbing and a steam-heating system."

Mentioning No Names.

We are told that the truth will out—and it seems to be everlastingly out of some people.—Exchange.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

The Cottage Gardener

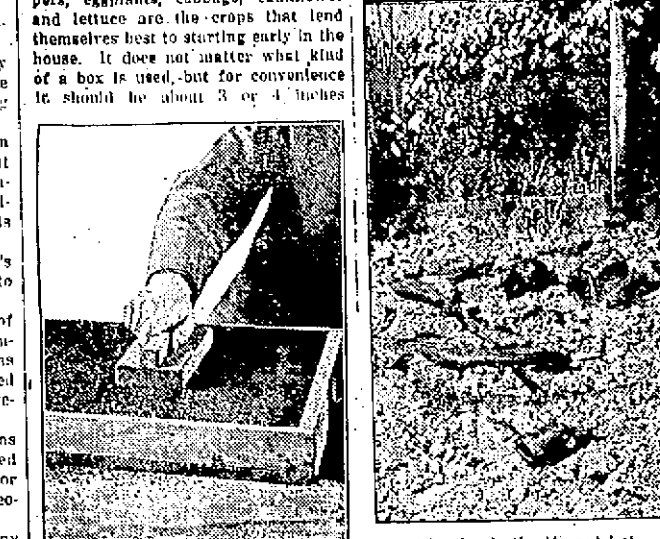


The Flats With Growing Plants, Being Given Fresh Air on a Warm Day, Before They Are Transferred to Pots or Other Containers, for Further Development.

START THE PLANTS IN WINDOW BOXES THE VACANT LOTS GOOD FOR GARDEN

All Vegetable and Flower Seeds Respond to Warmth and the Bright Sunshine. Rich Soil Is Often Found in Neglected Places—Clean Out Unightly Weeds.

A window box for starting early vegetable plants will give the home gardener from ten days to three weeks advantage in earliness over his neighbors who does not have some means of starting early plants. Tomatoes, peppers, eggplants, cabbage, cauliflower and lettuce are the crops that lend themselves best to starting early in the house. It does not matter what kind of a box is used, but for convenience it should be about 3 or 4 inches



Garden in the Vacant Lot.

disposed of at any time, and all stoves and other refuse material should be removed. If there are enough stones present, they might be placed in neat and attractive piles and either flowers or vines of some sort run over them next season. If the vacant lot is near enough to the house, it can be spaded and all other work done at odd times.

During the winter months it is well to study the seed catalogues and make up an order of seeds, including perhaps 10 to 15 different kinds of vegetables. To this should be added a list of four or five flowering plants, such as zinnias, rock-roses, scarlet sage and nasturtium, to be used for border plants. Snap beans, lima beans, tomatoes, onions, cabbage, carrots, Swiss chard, spinach, radishes and lettuce are among the most important crops for the small garden. Where space will permit early Irish potatoes, sweet corn, summer squash, muskmelons, cucumbers and pumpkins may be included. It is far better, however, in the small garden to plant not more than 10 or 12 of the most important crops that are in greatest demand as fresh food for the family. Irish potatoes and sweet potatoes are crops that require considerable space, but at the same time it is usually desirable to have a small part of the garden devoted to them.

One point of great importance in starting early plants in the window is to see that they are not over watered. Another point is to turn the box from time to time so that the plants will not grow crooked and drawn toward the window. A supply of good soil should be stored in the cellar or in some dry place in the autumn in order to have it available when it is wanted for filling the window boxes. This soil should be of a light loam or sandy nature and the part used in the transplanting trays should contain a very little finely sifted manure well mixed with the soil. The plants should be shaded for a day or so and kept well watered after transplanting, but as the season advances the trays should be carried into the open air whenever it is warm enough and the plants exposed to outdoor conditions so that they will be sturdy and accustomed to the open air by the time it is safe to set them in the garden. In removing the plants from the trays for setting in the ground a knife or trowel should be run between them so that they may be lifted with a nice block of earth adhering to their roots.

BEST CONTAINS IRON

The beet is said to be especially valuable as an article of diet because it contains a larger portion of iron than other vegetables.

An unusual damage suit was started in superior court, Worcester, Mass., in which payment is asked for the alleged killing of a horse by a cow. The animals were placed in the same pasture and the usually docile bovine used her horns, according to the complaint.

Plant to Test Germination Is Wise Plan Followed by Majority of Gardeners.

All vegetable and flower seeds do not germinate. There are different reasons why seed will not grow; but the gardener cannot afford to wait until the outdoor planting season is at hand to know. It is the safer plan to try the seed for germination in a flat early in the season, to be sure the seed are what they should be.

Corn of all kinds frequently fails to grow. It is wise to try a few "bills" in the flat. The same lack of life may exist in other seeds, and there is one sure way to discover their condition before it is too late. The children will gladly eat the green stuff, thus it is not wasted.

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WHY

Nature Has Arranged for Sap to Rise in Trees.

The very interesting results obtained by Sir J. C. Bose, at the Bose Institute, Calcutta, in the investigation of the phenomenon of the ascent of sap, are summarized in *Nature Magazine*. It is shown that the ascent of sap is a process of physiological activity dependent on the pulsation of living cells. This process is arrested by the action of poison, either to entire plants or in cut shoots. The active pulsating cells are not confined to the root, but are distributed throughout the stem. It has been ascertained that in the living plant, these cells constitute the cortical layer which surrounds the endodermis.

The velocity of the ascent has been determined by three independent methods which give concordant results. The ascent takes place in plants even in the complete absence of transpiration. In "varnished" plants this velocity has been found sometimes to be as high as 70 meters per hour.

The cellular pulsations have been investigated and their characteristics determined from automatic records; they consist of alternate contractions and expansions. The direction of propulsion is determined by the phase difference of the adjacent cells. The velocity increases with the wave length of the propagated impulse. This wave length is determined experimentally from definite points of electric maxima and minima. Enhancement of velocity is associated with corresponding increase in the wave length. The enhanced rate of ascent is also attended by the increase of amplitude and frequency of cellular pulsations.

Ascent of sap depends upon cellular pulsation in tall trees as well as in herbaceous plants. There is, however, in the former the special adaptation of the woody tissue which serves as a reservoir to meet the excessive demand for water in the season of active transpiration. When this reservoir is more or less depleted, the phenomenon of "negative pressure" is manifest.

GASES ARE MOTIVE POWER

Why Rockets Rise When Light Is Applied Is a Simple Matter When Understood.

If you would see inside a rocket you would find the lower part of the case filled with powder, a chemical mixture that will burn at an enormous rate, and, in doing so, will produce a very large quantity of gas. The great heat generated by this burning mixture expands the gas and still further increases its volume, till it is bursting to get out of the rocket.

At the bottom end of the rocket is a hole through which the gas rushes into the air. Now the air, at the mouth of the rocket strongly resists being kicked out of the way by this rushing stream of gas; it takes a moment to "get a move on," so to speak. But the gas in the case hasn't got a moment to spare; it simply must get out, so it kicks hard.

If you had on a pair of roller skates, and held an open umbrella in front of you, you could push it away from you slowly without feeling any resistance; but if you thrust hard at the umbrella the air would resist the sudden movement so strongly that you would be rolled backward on your skates. Science shows that is just what happens to the rocket; the stream of gas spreads out at the mouth of the case and thrusts hard at the air below it and at the rocket above. As the air won't move quickly enough, the rocket must get out of the way. And it does—quickly.

Also, Birthplace of Napoleon. The island of Corsica is in the Mediterranean sea, 60 miles from Italy, 100 miles from France and 8 miles from Sardinia. Three thousand three hundred and eighty-six square miles. It belongs to France.

Shake Off Self-Distrust. Self-distrust is the cause of the most of our failures. In the assurance of strength there is strength, and they are weakest however strong, who have no faith in themselves or their powers. —Börle.

Wife Shared in Luck. A man in London who won a \$7,500 prize in a newspaper competition was ordered by the court the next day to pay \$1,250 of the money to his wife as arrears of alimony.

Common Error. It is incorrect to say "apropos of" such and such a thing. The "of" is unnecessary, since *apropos* means, broadly, "in reference to." And you wouldn't say "in reference to of your letter."

PROPERLY PREPARED LAMBS WILL ALWAYS BRING TOP MARKET PRICE



Corriedale Rams on United States Experiment Farm at Dubois, Idaho.

Docking and castration of lambs destined for the market materially increases their market value because of improvement in quality, according to the United States Department of Agriculture.

There are several reasons for this. Docking makes the hindquarters of lambs appear more blocky and deep and it also adds much to the cleanliness of the animal. Thus they appear more attractive to the buyer when they reach the market. Doves which are to be kept in the breeding flock should also be docked as a very large portion of the undocked ewes will fail to breed.

Good Quality Desirable. Lamb lambs, once three months of age, tend to grow thin and develop coarse shoulders and neck. This, if not corrected, open-shouldered lambs are not of a desirable quality and when they reach the market they are discriminated against by the buyers because of these features. If the lambs are castrated and docked when they are a few days old their growth will not be retarded. On the other hand they will present a better appearance and if they have been properly fed will have a smooth, desirable finish at four months of age. Lambs of good quality in this condition command a premium over bucky and undocked lambs at the markets. Oftentimes during the period when the Jersey City market is receiving large numbers of lambs from the Eastern states, lamb prices at that market fluctuate sharply because of the high percentage of undocked and bucky lambs which are discriminated against by buyers seeking a high quality product. Improving the quality of the lambs intended for that market will help to stabilize prices, according to members of the trade represented there.

Whether lambs are quiet and easily handled. They feed well and make good gains in flesh, particularly in the hindquarters, the region of the high-priced cuts. Thus a better quality of carcass is secured together with higher market prices for wether lambs. Meat of this quality when sold by the retailer will result in a well satisfied consumer and a future demand for more meat of the same quality. It is often stated that lambs which are to be shipped to the market before they are four months old need not be castrated. This is a mistake as some

of the ram lambs will begin to worry the rest of the flock and to lose flesh before this time. Furthermore, the market may not be strong at the time the lambs reach this age and they may be held back by the owner for several weeks for higher prices. During this time the ram lambs will not only rapidly lose in weight but if kept with the rest of the flock they will also cause the ewes and ewe lambs to lose flesh.

Operation Not Dangerous. Neither docking nor castrating are dangerous operations if properly performed. Lambs should be docked and castrated when they are from seven to fourteen days of age, as there is practically no retarding of growth and less pain than is the case when they are older. Lambs may be both docked and castrated at the same time, thus avoiding the necessity of handling them twice. The operations should be performed on a clear, cool morning and care should be taken that the animals are not excited or overheated either before or after the work is done.

A sharp knife or some type of docking irons may be used to do the docking. In either case the tail should be cut at the first joint, which occurs about one inch from the body. If a knife is used the lamb should be held with the feet up, the hump resting on the top of the fence or upon the knee of the person assisting in the work. There is less pain when the knife is used, but there is more loss of blood and it is sometimes necessary to tie a string around the stump to prevent the lamb from losing a large amount of blood. This string must be removed a few hours later. When hot irons are used it is necessary to rest the lamb on a board. The irons scar the stump as the cut is made and this prevents the loss of blood. The wound will heal more slowly, however, than when a knife is used.

In castrating, the lamb should be held in the same position as for docking. The lower third of the scrotum should be cut off and the testicles pulled straight out. It is highly important that the wound be washed with an antiseptic solution and that the hands and knife be disinfected for each operation. It is also necessary to furnish clean quarters for the lambs in order to prevent infection of the wounds.

AVERAGE FARM WAGES TAKE ANOTHER DROP

Decrease of 3.1 to 6.4 Per Cent Seen in Last Quarter.

Highest Monthly Rate Without Board Was \$62.71 in Western Division, and Lowest Was \$30.71 in South Atlantic States.

Released by the United States Department of Agriculture. The average of farm wages for the entire United States dropped from \$1 to 6.4 per cent during the three months from October 1 to January 1, according to the quarterly survey made by the United States Department of Agriculture.

As an average for the country, day farm laborers are receiving \$1.08 a day without board and \$1.47 with board. Farm labor by the month is being paid \$40.30 a month without board, and \$27.51 with board.

Every geographic division except the South central division reported falling average farm wages during the three months covered. The largest declines ranged from 9.1 to 18.9 per cent in the west north central states; the smallest declines were in the North Atlantic and south central states.

The highest average monthly rate without board was \$62.71 in the western division, and the lowest was \$30.71 in the South Atlantic states. The highest monthly rate with board was \$42.78 in the western division, and the lowest was \$21.08 in the South Atlantic division.

In hiring by the day without board, the highest average rate was \$2.82 in the North Atlantic states, and the lowest was \$1.40 in the South Atlantic states. With board, the highest day rate was \$2.13 in the North Atlantic states, and the lowest was \$1.05 in the south central states.

SALT WILL KILL BARBERRY

Effective Way to Eradicate Bush That Aids in Spreading Disease of Wheat Plant.

Ten pounds of crushed rock salt placed at the base of the common barberry bush shrub that aids in spreading wheat rust is an effective way to kill it, says J. H. Munce, in charge of eradication work in Iowa.

Bicycle Car. A European father devised an ingenious vehicle for the transportation of himself and his five children. Using the wheels, gear, pedals and chains of two bicycles he constructed a frame work mounted on four wheels, steered and pedaled like a bicycle. Here he mounted wicker baskets as seats.

SUPPLY OF ARSENIC IS LOW

Fruit Growers Who Have Not Already Purchased Summer Stock Should Hasten to Do So.

A. G. Ruggles, Minnesota state entomologist, sounds warning that supplies of crude arsenic, upon which mixtures for fighting insects are commonly based, are running very low. He explains that the copper smelting industry has been operated far below capacity and that, as arsenic is a by-product of the smelters, its production is not sufficient to meet the demand. "It looks now as if there would be a serious shortage in 1923," says Mr. Ruggles. "As all of our stomach insecticides—paris green, arsenate of lead, arsenate of zinc, arsenate of calcium—are made from the crude arsenic, fruit growers who have not already purchased supplies should hasten to do so."

KEEP YOUNG LAMBS GROWING

Small Opening Into Adjoining Lot Where Forage Crop Is Growing Is Excellent Plan.

It is an excellent practice to have growing some palatable forage near the regular sheep pasture for the lambs to feed upon while they are still sucking the ewes. If the forage crop is sown in an adjoining lot, a small opening can be made through the fence so that the lambs have access to the supplemental feed. They will soon learn the trick of running to the forage feed and in this way will stimulate flesh and bone growth. Rape is an excellent forage for this purpose. New clover is splendid.

Had No Shoes Until He Was Thirteen.

"I had neither a hat nor a pair of shoes until I was thirteen. When it was too cold in winter to go outdoors, I had to stay in the house. But my feet were so accustomed to the cold, never having had a covering, that they could endure a good deal of frost without great inconvenience," relates Hudson Maxim in *American Magazine*. "Very well do I remember playing on the ice of a nearby stream with the boys of a neighbor who had shoes. They could run and slide on the ice, while I could not, because my bare feet would not slip. Happily, I thought of the expedient of coating the bottoms of my feet with snow by rubbing them in the snow or frost, when for a while I, too, could slide on my feet."

"At one time I went to school barefoot, a distance of two miles, for several weeks after the early snows came. I ran along through the snow as long as I could stand it, then I climbed up on a fence or a big log, and rubbed my feet and ankles to warm them—than went on."

NEW LONG COATS ON STYLE SHEET

Three-Quarter Outer Garment for Spring Wear Has No Flare; Full and Drapery.

ALL-OVER EMBROIDERY USED

Masses of Decoration Arranged in Co-ordinating Manner—Interesting Fabrics in Linen—Plain and Fur Collars Features.

A spring coat, it would seem from the displays in the shops, can be pretty much anything you choose to make it. The fact is, asserts a fashion writer in the *New York Times*, that the separate coat is an important factor in the present styles. No hard and fast rules have been set down for its design. You can suit your coat to your figure, your personality and your demands just as certainly as you can accomplish the same end with your frocks and gowns.

There was a time, not so long ago, when a coat could not be placed in the class of the beautiful. It was a heavy, cumbersome-looking thing that was designed chiefly for use. One waited always for a sight of the costume underneath before expecting to be confronted with the least claim to beautiful design. Now the coat is a part of the costume, often just as



Sports Coats Are Made of Field Tweed of Ample Proportions.

drapery and graceful of line as any dress could be. The coat, indeed, is now considered almost a dress in itself, for the frock underneath its folds becomes a secondary consideration—something which is in the nature of a background.

Of course, this new development in connection with coats puts a new responsibility upon the well-dressed woman. She must, almost of necessity, have two or three sorts of coats to accompany her various types of clothes. Since there is so great an element of design about the outer wraps they at once take on a character which places them in this class or that. And when they are worn with frocks of any opposing character they lose all style and flare and become nothing at all. The problem, then, of choosing a coat becomes a little intricate. But when you once realize how interesting the new game is, why, then you can't wait to begin your plans for your new coat expression.

The three-quarter coat is the newest. It is so new, indeed, that as yet scarcely any of them have been seen. Now, the three-quarter coat is straight of line. It has no flare whatsoever, no sign of a petticoat, but the line descends quite simply to the knees or a little below that point.

On Lines Full and Drapery.

Some of the three-quarter coats they cannot be called jackets—are made of lines that are quite full and drapery. They take their little hint and inspiration from the jackets of the winter and tie at one side at a point that marks a decidedly low waistline. They start out by looking very much as a suit coat might, that is, about the neck and sleeves. Then their surplus lines in front gather into a bunch at one side and are tied there with a rather wide bow of ribbon or of the coat's material. There is something decidedly picturesque about them. They get away from that hardness of outline which it is so hard for some women to accept and they manage gently to subdue any unusual width about the hips, adding the flaring bow with its long ends at just the place where it will do all the good in the world as far as trimming is concerned. It helps, too, in relieving the severity of line which does not seem to be at all a part of the season's style—at least for a coat of this type.

You will find these three-quarter coats making part of three-piece costumes, and just as often you will find them in silk or soft kasha or brocade wools, made to accompany the dresses of soft crepe and chiffon, for when the flounces of the softer materials peep out beneath the coat for a space of ten to twelve inches, they add just that much to the softness of the appearance of the costume and the effect is entirely in accordance with all of the dictates of the modern styles.

The newest coats of three-quarter length are made of all-over embroidery. They are so beautiful that they make the amateur stop to wonder whether they have been done. The real truth about them is that they are made up of solid masses of embroidery—that is,

the handsomest of them are—and they form so decorative a wrap arrangement that they are bound to capture the attention and the fidelity of any woman at all interested in the art of dress. Just as we had about decided that handwork and embroidery had left the field of dress, back it pops in a handsomer expression than it has ever achieved before this since the days of the India shawls. Of course there are all sorts of imitations of these embroidered fabrics, and very handsome ones they are, too. They are done by those clever machines which vie with human fingers, and you will find the materials sold by the yard looking so colorful and gorgeous that they almost demand you to stop and purchase them.

Embroidery Is Attractive.

Some of the embroidery for these newer coats is done upon a foundation of satin. Again it uses a soft broadcloth for its beginnings. And at another time you will find it appearing upon the surface of a thickly pressed crepe. In fact, there seems no limit to what may be accomplished with this new idea in the way of making the outer wrap one of the most decorative parts of the costume.

While many of the collars are plain, there are also to be seen an astonishing number of those which are made of fur. Short-haired furs are used preferably, and the collars are made straight and folded so that they form, whether they be open or closed, flat, tering, fringes for the faces that are posed against them.

The little jackets are by no means passe. Very many of them are to be seen in connection with the newer spring clothes and not a few of them are worn as extra coats. They can be tied about the hips, forming them into blouse effects, or they can be allowed to hang straight, making cunning little box coats, that are especially suitable for dressy sports wear. At Palm Beach any number of them have been made of the lighter pastel colorings and worn with white or gray or café au lait frocks. They are most interesting when done in this wise, and there is no doubt that women will find a great many uses for them as the spring season advances.

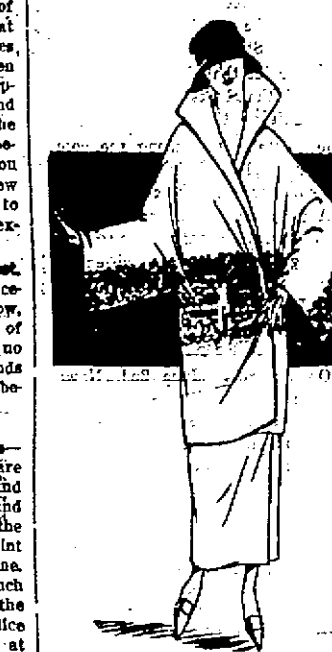
The little short coat makes it possible to change the appearance of one's costume without much trouble. One can have two or three of them in different colorings to wear with a certain dress or with a collection of dresses. It is not a difficult thing to make by one's self, for its cut is simple to accomplish and its making easy to achieve.

Don't imagine, from all this talk about shorter coats, that the long ones have disappeared. They are as prominent as ever and will be worn in large numbers, only they are not so new and so startling as the ones which have taken on shorter lengths.

Artful Creations.

Long coats, indeed, give every evidence of being costumes all by themselves. They are redolent of much design and elegant making. Simple though they may seem, they are creations involving much art and labor. They are not to be considered flimsy in any respect, for they are made up intricately and formed to allow an astonishing amount of gracefulness and charm.

Along with the period styles and the great craze for 1890 frocks there has come a rage for a coat which involves these same principles. It is shaped and noised. It is full and draped. It is wide of sleeve and drooping of line. In fact it has all of the pic-



Embroidery Is Feature of Some of the Three-Quarter Coats.

turesque charm which is characteristic of the dresses fashioned after the ideals of that period. It is a dignified-looking affair and can only be worn where things are very dressy. Some of the sleeves start out from the shoulder to be tight, but when they reach a space below the elbows they usually turn into extraordinarily flared cuffs. The materials of the longer coats are plainer than those which make up the shorter variety. They are satins and duvetines—anything that has that rich and sumptuous look about it—and they include the heavier varieties of satins.

There is reason to believe that the moon, which is almost certainly a chip off the earth's stalk, is an important factor in causing earthquakes in the unstable earthquake zone. Nearly all the serious seismic disturbances happen when the moon is so placed as to exert its maximum tidal pull on the earth, and acts as "the fast straw" in that part of the earth where its increased gravitational attraction is most potent.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

HOW

BLOOD CORPUSCLES ARE AFFECTED BY ALTITUDE.

Continued examinations of the blood of mountain climbers show that when a man by slow and gradual ascent attains an altitude of 8,000 feet, the red blood corpuscles have rapidly multiplied from about 5,000,000 to 6,000,000, and that when a height of 13,000 feet has been reached the number of these corpuscles has risen further to 7,000,000.

The facts observed by Capt. R. W. G. Hingston confirm the observation, well known in lesser degree in the European Alps, that an ascent from a low to a high altitude is associated with a definite and continuous change in the constitution of the blood, the result of the stimulus which rarefied air exerts on the blood-forming mechanism of the human body. By this means the individual can adapt himself to the higher levels if the ascent be made slowly and gradually, thus allowing the production of a certain number of oxygen-carrying corpuscles. This manufacture of red corpuscles is by no means slow; for instance, in one observation a short stay of two days at an altitude of 13,000 feet showed an increase of about 125,000 in the number of these corpuscles per cubic millimeter of the blood. It is possible that there may be a limit to this power of the body to compensate for great altitudes, but it will be noted that the process was in active operation in Captain Hingston's case at a height of 18,000 feet above sea-level.

The blood of the natives of the Tsimic Plateau, habitually living at an average height of 13,500 feet, was carefully examined, and it was found that the number of red corpuscles in the blood of the average adult native was 7,500,000 per cubic millimeter, as compared with 7,400,000 in Captain Hingston's own blood at that level.

It is further of interest to learn that during descent from high to low altitudes, when the stimulus of the rarefied air was withdrawn, there was a gradual reduction in the number of the red corpuscles, though the rate of decrease was not so rapid as the rate of increase had been during the ascent. After a short residence at sea level the number of red corpuscles had fallen to normal—namely a little under 5,000,000.

DETECTS ERROR IN SCREWS

How Specially Designed Machine Makes Certain That the Finished Product Is Perfect.

Everyone who owns a bicycle, sewing machine, motor car, or phonograph has come across that worst of all nuisances, the screw that won't go in or won't come out.

Although machines are able to cut screws with remarkable accuracy, occasionally they turn out odd ones, or even whole batches, perhaps a couple of thousands of an inch too big, or with threads that are not quite regular.

It was thought impossible to test each screw until an inventor came along with a device which enables one man to examine 500 in an hour, and to detect errors as small as one-thousandth of an inch.

The screws are passed automatically through a specially designed machine. Each stops for a moment before the lens, and while it does so its shadow, magnified a hundred times, is thrown on to a screen. On this screen is drawn an enlarged representation of a perfect thread, which the screw should fit exactly. The screw's shadow falls upon this drawing, and the tiniest imperfections can be detected instantly.

How Icebergs Are Avoided.

Of all the perils dreaded by those who sail across the Atlantic, icebergs are by far the most formidable.

A new device has been brought out by a French inventor, which detects icebergs when they are six miles away.

Melting ice sends out rays which are invisible to the eye, but which will affect a delicate instrument called the thermo-couple.

This apparatus can be made so finely that it will register the presence of a lighted candle at a distance of half a mile.

The thermo-couple is connected to a telephone receiver on the bridge of the ship. When conditions are normal it emits a continuous note of unchanging pitch. As soon as an iceberg is approached, however, the note changes, and the lookout man knows at once that there is danger.

Why Do We Keep Pets?

Many pets are of direct use to us. A dog, for instance, protects our house, a cat catches mice, and so on. There are, however, two far deeper motives.

A pet satisfies our instinct of ownership and mastery—one of the most profound desires at the back of our minds is to be absolute lord and master, arbiter of life and death. We gratify this wish most thoroughly by possessing a pet animal.

Why We Stop Growing.

We stop growing because certain body cells lose their power to increase in size and to produce other cells. It is one of the marvels of physiology that this is so and a wise provision of nature.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO
Mercury, 1823.
April 5: The snow storm which commenced here just before noon Sunday and continued to Monday afternoon has not been exceeded for years. A greater quantity of snow has fallen than at any time during the winter. There are some two feet on the level, and much drifted. The roads are impassable. Much damage has been done to the shipping. The mails are greatly delayed.

A duel was fought on Saturday last near Philadelphia between Gen. Cadwallader and Dr. Patterson. Gen. C. was wounded in the wrist.

Arrived at this port Saturday upwards of twenty sail of vessels from the eastward. Arrived Tuesday ship Rebecca 14 days from New Orleans. Left there ship Newport, Burroughs, of this port, to sail next day for Liverpool. Arrived Wednesday, ship Asia, 123 days from Canton, with teas, silks, etc., for Brown & Ives, Providence. Arrived Thursday schooner Gleamer, six days from Charleston, with rice and 20 passengers.

We have received accounts of nearly 70 ships engaged in the Pacific whale fishery, some from this port, others from several ports of the United States. The quantity of oil already taken exceeds two million gallons; averaging nearly 1000 barrels to each ship.

At the town meeting in this town Wednesday, April 1, Messrs. Wm. Ennis, Wm. Ellery, Audley Clark, R. K. Randolph, D. J. Pearce, Solomon G. Weaver and Stephen Gould were appointed a committee on finance.

FIFTY YEARS AGO
Mercury, April 5, 1873.
The election in this city Wednesday was conducted in the most quiet manner. But little interest was manifested beforehand, the registry taxes were paid to a very small extent. Out of the 2400 voters in this city, 780 cast their ballots for their favorite candidates. Samuel Powell was elected Senator. Wm. C. Townsend, J. M. K. Southwick and Fred Pratt were elected Representatives. Daniel T. Swinburne, for first representative, lacked 7 votes of election. He received 381 votes. William Gilpin 137, and there were 284 scattering.

Ye Old Folks' Concert, Monday evening was an unqualified success. It netted \$325, which has been turned over to the Artillery Company for its uniform fund. This fund now amounts to something over \$1800.

There was a severe gale in Newport during Saturday night and part of Sunday. Many persons were much concerned for the safety of their chimneys. In Providence, the gale raged with still greater fury, chimneys were blown down, windows were broken, and buildings were unroofed.

Mr. George W. Smith of Middletown is the owner of hens that are worth raising. He recently brought to our office fourteen eggs, the smallest of which measured six and three-quarter inches in the smaller circumference and nine in the larger. The entire fourteen contained double yolks.

The usual Election alarms of fire came off according to arrangement, Wednesday evening. There were no less than three alarms at one time, and the engines were kept perambulating the streets most of the evening.

On Thursday evening we noticed a large number of young ladies, middle-aged ladies, and not a few who had further advanced in life, all apparently bound for the same place. There was to be a wedding in Zion Church, and all were anxious to "see the bride," who, by the way, is one of Newport's fairest daughters. At the appointed time the Rev. T. Logan Murphy, performed his part of the service, which united "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and health, until death them do part." Mr. Freeman S. White to Miss Hattie T. Goffe, of this city.

At the first meeting of the trustees of the Newport Hospital the following officers were elected: George Bowen, Samuel Engs, William H. Ashurst, Benjamin Finch, George A. Richmond, T. Mumford Seabury, Henry Ledyard, George C. Mason and David King.

The General Assembly, elected on Wednesday, contains 25 Republican senators and 9 Democrats; the house 64 Republicans and 13 Democrats. There are several vacancies.

Col. Thomas W. Higginson is one of the candidates to be voted for today for first representative.

At the election in Middletown on Wednesday Albert L. Chase was chosen town clerk and Joseph P. Barker treasurer. The town council are Benj. Wyatt, Noel Coggeshall, Charles H. Hazard, William F. Peckham, Charles Peckham, 2d.

In Portsmouth Philip R. Chase was elected town clerk and John Manchester, William Barker, Joseph Cory, Jacob Mott, and William Barker, 2d. town council.

In Jamestown John E. Watson was chosen clerk, and Elijah Anthony town treasurer.

Portsmouth voted \$100 towards erecting a monument to T. W. D. Brownell, a soldier who died since the war. He served through the entire Rebellion.

Money in Wall street Monday, loaned for one day at the rate of 365 per cent. per annum.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO
Mercury, April 9, 1898.
The State election on Wednesday was a very one-sided affair. Gov. Dyer and all the Republican State ticket were elected by large majorities. In this city Jere W. Horton was elected senator, John W. Rogers, John H. Wetherell, John P. Sanborn, George E. Vernon and William Shepley, representatives. The City Hall

project was carried by 254 majority. The vote for sites gave 148 in favor of the Bull lot. The city voted against a further appropriation for the state house by more than two to one.

The appropriation by Congress of \$15,000 for the families of Frank Loughlin, Jeremiah Harrington and Michael O'Reagan, who were killed at the Torpedo Station by an explosion July 3, 1893, is now assured. It has been a long time coming.

The Newport Herald has moved to its new building opposite the Post Office. May it make as many friends at the new stand as it did at the old one.

Conductor Joseph W. Sampson has resumed his duties on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, after a fortnight's absence caused by a fall. The patrons of the road are glad to see him again in his old place.

The members of Miss Annie T. Gilpin's Sunday School class gave a delightful entertainment in the vestry of the Thames Street Church Tuesday evening. A musical and literary program was rendered.

In Middletown, at the election on Wednesday A. Herbert Ward was elected senator and James R. Chase representative. For town council, A. Herbert Ward, Isaac A. Sherman, Lionel H. Peabody, Arthur L. Peckham and Henry I. Chase were elected.

Shortly before one o'clock yesterday, Robert D. Farrant, who is well along in years, dropped dead in Ash's fish market on Market Square. He leaves a widow, four sons and two daughters.

Mr. James B. Tennant, the popular hackman of this city, will be married to Miss Olive Edwina McLaren of Providence on April 27.

The election on Wednesday not only assures the re-election by an almost unanimous vote of Senator Aldrich, but makes practically certain the re-election of Congressmen Bull and Cannon.

The senators elected on Wednesday are all Republicans but four, and the representatives are all Republicans but seven.

In Portsmouth Benjamin Tallman was elected senator and Elbridge I. Stoddard representative.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, a communication was received from the Newport Electric Corporation offering to institute five-cent fares on the local street railway, based on a zone system. There would be a five-cent fare from Mile Corner to Touris street, another from Touris street to Harrison avenue, and another from Franklin street to the Beach. This arrangement would be suspended during the summer months from July 1 to September 3. No action was taken on the matter, but it was referred to a special meeting to be held next Tuesday evening.

At the meeting next Tuesday there will be a number of corporation matters to be considered in connection with the laying of the new pavement on Broadway. Also the condition of the wooden block pavement on Broadway will be considered at the same time, as Street Commissioner Sullivan reported that there would be trouble with the blocks this spring, due to faulty ties of the two street railways. The matter of requiring the companies to replace their ties and repair the pavement will be considered.

A large amount of routine business was transacted and many licenses were granted. In the absence of Mayor Sullivan, who is in Washington, President J. Joseph M. Martin presided.

On Saturday, June 2nd, Newport will receive a visit from a large delegation of Red Men, composing Cape Cod Council, who will come here for their annual outing.

Chinch Bugs Cause Big Loss.
Fully \$40,000,000 worth of wheat, corn, oats, grain, sorghums and broom corn is destroyed annually by chinch bugs, which can withstand most climatic conditions, fungous diseases and parasitic enemies.

Rain-Marked Windows.
When rain spots a newly cleaned window the trouble can be remedied by using oil. Rub the oil with a soft cloth moistened with a little paraffin. After a while polish off with a cloth or chamois leather.

To Remove Acid Stains.
When the color of a fabric has been changed by an acid, such as lemon juice or vinegar, the original color often can be restored by sponging with ammonia and water and then chloroform.

Center of Human Hair Industry.
Antwerp, Belgium, is the center of the human hair industry. Raw hair and Chinese hair, which has been bleached, dyed and prepared, is used in the manufacture of women's hair nets.

There's the Trouble.
"Sedentary workers need a hearty breakfast." They do. But poor as they are, they are too proud to accept charity.—Hartford Times

Stretch Spine to Retain Youth.
Stretching the spine for a few minutes each day is the latest recipe for prolonged youth.

Daily Thought.
Exactness in little duties is a wonderful source of cheerfulness.—F. Faber.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, March 30, 1923.
Estate of Martin T. Boyle.
AN INSTRUMENT in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of Martin T. Boyle, late of said Newport, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the sixteenth day of April next at ten o'clock, A. M., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.
DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court

Newport, R. I., March 24th, A. D. 1923.
WHEREAS, Abbie L. Germaine of the City of Newport in said County and State, has filed in this office her petition, praying for a divorce from the bond of marriage now existing between the said Abbie L. Germaine and Joseph H. Germaine, now in parts to the said Abbie L. Germaine unknown, on which said petition an order of notice has been entered.
Notice is therefore hereby given to the said Joseph H. Germaine, of the pendency of said petition, and that he shall appear, if he shall see fit, at the Superior Court, to be held at the Court House in Newport, within and to the County of Newport, on the third Monday of May, A. D. 1923, then and there to respond to said petition.

3-24-6w SYDNEY D. HARVEY, Clerk.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

Estate of John Thomas.
New Shoreham, R. I., March 21, 1923.
THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice of the appointment by the Probate Court of the town of New Shoreham, R. I., as Administrator of the estate of John Thomas, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and her qualification by giving bond according to law.
All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court according to law, beginning March 24th, A. D. 1923.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.
CLARA B. BUISCHMID, Administratrix.

Probate Court of the City of Newport

March 19th, 1923.

Estate of Edward Sullivan.
REQUEST in writing is made by Jeremiah McCarthy of said Newport, husband of Ellen McCarthy, late of said Newport, deceased, who was Executor of the will of Edward Sullivan, late of said Newport, deceased, testate, that he or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator de bonis non with the will annexed of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the Ninth day of April next, at ten o'clock, A. M., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.
DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport

March 19th, 1923.

Estate of Agnes C. Freer.
REQUEST in writing is made by Frederick C. Freer, of Chicago, Illinois, husband of Agnes C. Freer, late of said Newport, deceased, intestate, that Michael F. Costello, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator de bonis non of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the Ninth day of April next, at ten o'clock, A. M., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.
DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport

March 19th, 1923.

Estate of Mary Gallagher.
NOTICE is hereby given that The Guardian Savings & Trust Company of Cleveland, Ohio, has qualified as Executor of the will of Mary Gallagher, late of Lakewood, Ohio, deceased, and has appointed Frank P. Nolan, of Newport, R. I., whose address is No. 224 Thames street, as its agent in Rhode Island.
Creditors are notified to file their claims in this office within the times required by law, beginning April 7th, 1923.
DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

April 2nd, 1923.

His Two Best Friends.
See this last and this hammer (said the poor soubrier); that last and that hammer are the st-two friends I have in the world. Nobody else will be my friend because I want a friend.—Oliver Goldsmith.

The End.

"I'll never ask another girl to marry me as long as I live," groaned the unhappy fellow. "What! Refused again?" asked his sympathetic friend. "No, accepted, you fool!"

Invisible Ink.

To make invisible ink use 20 parts of chloride of cobalt and 80 parts of distilled water. This solution will turn into the color of blue when heated.

Few Large Centers of Population.
There are but ten cities in the world of more than 1,000,000 population, and Russia is the only country except the United States which has more than one of them.

Get Wisdom.
Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore, get wisdom; and with all that getting get understanding.—Proverbs 4:7.

Nobody's Safe.
The most dangerous thing about a widow is her predilection for marrying the innocent bystander.—Kansas City Star.

The Gentle English Way.
His voice stopped—exactly like when you hit a neighbor's gramophone with a well-aimed brick.—H. G. Wells, in the Magic Shop.

Old Stuff.
When men speak of the weaker sex and the gentle sex, what are they talking about, anyhow? Nobody seems to know.—Los Angeles Times.

Unethical.
Blobs—"I was pretty well down in the world when an idea suddenly struck me." Blobs—"It's a cowardly idea that would strike a man when he is down."

Thought for the Day.
There is more religion in some men's silence than there is in some men's religion.

Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, R. I., Sheriff's Office, Newport, R. I., December 1, A. D. 1922.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 3078 issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the 16th day of November, 1922, and returnable to the said Court May 16th, A. D. 1923, upon a Judgment rendered by said Court on the 16th day of June, A. D. 1922, in favor of Hyman Chertlin, plaintiff, and against Lodovino Boland, wife of Dondolo Boland of Newport, defendant, I have this day at 5 minutes past 7 o'clock, P. M., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, Lodovino Boland, had on the 25th day of May, A. D. 1921, at 55 minutes past 12 o'clock, P. M., Daylight Saving Time, (the time of the attachment on the original writ), and to a certain lot or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows:
Northwesterly, by Broadway, forty-five (45) feet; Southwesterly by Cranston avenue, ninety-five (95) feet; easterly by the lot of said defendant, Boland, 215 feet; Northwesterly by land formerly of Julia Kfeg, and now of Frank G. Kimball, ninety-seven and five-tenths (97.5) feet; and Southwesterly by land of said defendant, Boland, 215 feet; easterly, fifty-five and three-tenths (55.3) feet, be all of the said measurement more or less.

AND
Notice is hereby given that I will sell at a public auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport, on the 11th day of March, A. D. 1923, at twelve o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, cost of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.
FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Feb. 10-17, 24, Mar. 2

Newport, R. I., March 7, 1923.

For good and sufficient cause the above sale is hereby adjourned to the seventh day of April, A. D. 1923, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Probate Court of the City of Newport

March 19th, 1923.

Estate of Clifford Johnson, Jr., Glady E. Johnson and William T. Johnson.
PETITION in writing is made by Clifford Johnson, Jr., of said Newport, husband of Glady E. Johnson, late of said Newport, deceased, intestate, that he or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the Ninth day of April next, at ten o'clock, A. M., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.
DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport

March 19th, 1923.

Estate of Mary Agnes Slavin, also known as Agnes Slavin.
REQUEST in writing is made by James A. McGowan of said Newport, a creditor of the estate of Mary Agnes Slavin, also known as Agnes Slavin, late of said Newport, deceased, intestate, that he or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the Ninth day of April next, at ten o'clock, A. M., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.
DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court

Newport, R. I., March 19th, A. D. 1923.

WHEREAS, Annie C. Stephens, of the City of Newport in said County and State, has filed in this office her petition praying for a divorce from the bond of marriage now existing between the said Annie C. Stephens and Ernest E. Stephens, now in parts to the said Annie C. Stephens unknown, on which said petition an order of notice has been entered.
Notice is therefore hereby given to the said Ernest E. Stephens, of the pendency of said petition, and that he shall appear, if he shall see fit, at the Superior Court, to be held at the Court House in Newport, within and to the County of Newport, on the third Monday of May, A. D. 1923, then and there to respond to said petition.

SYDNEY D. HARVEY, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport

April 6th, 1923.

Estate of Victor Sahlin.

REQUEST in writing is made by Gustaf Sahlin, father of Victor Sahlin, late of said Newport, deceased, intestate, that Charles Sahlin, of said Newport, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the Twenty-third day of April, instant, at ten o'clock, A. M., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.
DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport

April 5th, 1923.

Estate of Agnes B. Jones.

WILLIAM S. JONES, Administrator of the estate of Agnes B. Jones, late of said Newport, deceased, presents his first and final account of the estate of said deceased, for allowance, which account shows distribution to the heir-at-law; and the same is received and referred to the twenty-third day of April, instant, at ten o'clock, A. M., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.
DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport

April 5th, 1923.

Estate of Catherine H. Sullivan.

NOTICE is hereby given that Timothy F. Sullivan has qualified as Guardian of the person and estate of Catherine H. Sullivan, minor, of said Newport.
Creditors are notified to file their claims in this office within the times required by law beginning April 7th, 1923.
DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport

April 3rd, 1923.

Estate of Jeremiah Joseph Sullivan.

NOTICE is hereby given that Timothy F. Sullivan has qualified as Guardian of the person and estate of Jeremiah Joseph Sullivan, minor, of said Newport.
Creditors are notified to file their claims in this office within the times required by law beginning April 7th, 1923.
DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

April 3rd, 1923.

PAPERS IN YOUR ATTIC

Do not burn or destroy OLD LETTERS, PERSONAL PAPERS or NEWSPAPERS.

They may have no money value, but may have HISTORIC INTEREST.

If you do not want them write or telephone to us and we will call for them, and preserve them, if of interest, in our archives, among our relics of Old Newport Families.

NEWPORT HISTORICAL SOCIETY
TOWN STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

Dr. Roderick Terry, President.
Lloyd M. Mayer, Librarian

A Distinguished Appearance
is a pleasure enjoyed when your Residence is attractively painted with
L & M SEMI-PASTE PAINT
For 50 years has given utmost Value—
Longest years of wear because costily White Zinc is added for durability—
Least Cost—because in semi-paste form; to make ready to use, add 3 quarts Linseed Oil to each gallon of Paint and so make the Best Pure Paint for \$2.82 per gallon.
Ask our Agent for Card showing many beautiful Colors.
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DO YOU WANT ANYTHING?
USE THE CLASSIFIED COLUMNS IN THE
NEWPORT DAILY NEWS
EVERY DAY One Hundred People are doing this and they GET RESULTS
CIRCULATION OVER 6400 DAILY
TELEPHONE 17, OR MAIL YOUR WANTS—BILL WILL BE SENT
PRICE 25 WORDS 25 CENTS FOR FIRST INSERTION, 10 CENTS FOR REPEATS
For Sale To Let Help Wanted Situations General Lost and Found

THE
Newport Gas Light Co
NO
COKE for Sale
AT PRESENT

New York
VIA FALL RIVER LINE
Fare \$4.44
Large, Comfortable Staterooms Orchestra on each Steamer
Lv. Newport, (Long Wharf) 9:25 P.M.
Duc New York 7:00 A.M.

NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE RAILWAY COMPANY
Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence
Week Days—7:35, 8:50 and each hour to 4:50
Sundays—8:50 and each hour to 7:30

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE
Estate of Hazel E. Mitchell
New Shoreham, R. I., March 24, 1923.
THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice of the appointment by the Probate Court of the town of New Shoreham, of Anna M. Mitchell, guardian of the person and estate of Eugene R. Mitchell, minor, of said New Shoreham, and her qualification by giving bond according to law.
All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court according to law, beginning March 24th, A. D. 1923.
EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.
ANNA M. MITCHELL, Guardian.
3-24
Probate Court of the City of Newport.
Estate of Patrick J. Sullivan.
NOTICE is hereby given that Timothy F. Sullivan has qualified as Administrator of the estate of Patrick J. Sullivan, late of Newport, deceased.
Creditors are notified to file their claims in this office within the times required by law, beginning April 7th, 1923.
DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.
April 3rd, 1923.
Mackenzie & Winslow
(INCORPORATED)
15 BRANCHES
HAY, STRAW, GRAIN, SALT SHAVINGS